

# THE GATEWAY



May nineteen hundred  
forty-one be like a fair wind  
bringing the fulfilment of your  
every desire and guiding you  
towards a harbour of PEACE,  
happiness and prosperity.

Merry Christmas & Happy New Year



# Council Meeting Completes Season's Business

## Winspear Tells Importance Of Strong Economic Warfare At Last Philosophical Meeting

Economic Side of War Cannot be Considered Entirely Independent of Military Side

IS CUSTODIAN OF ALIEN PROPERTY

Tells of Economics of Allies and German Reich

## Wheat King Awarded U. Scholarship

Provincial Government Recognizes Rigby's Achievement

THREE-TIME WINNER

Recognizing the outstanding achievement of Francis Lloyd Rigby in being three-time crowned wheat king of the world at the Chicago Grain Show, the Provincial Government last week announced the award of a scholarship valued in excess of \$850 to the young University of Alberta student. The award is equivalent to two years in agriculture at the University, and was made possible by an order-in-council, according to Premier William Aberhart, who made known the award.

When he first began showing wheat samples at the Chicago Show, Lloyd could not have had any idea of such future financial rewards as this. His first championship was won at Chicago while he was a student at the Vermilion School of Agriculture. This year's win, being the third in a row, automatically bars him from further competition at the Chicago Show. The only other competitor to duplicate this feat was Herman Trelle, who hails from the same part of the Peace River country as Rigby.

Rigby plans to continue his studies in agriculture at the University, with the growing of championship wheat as his main interest. Following his graduation, he intends to enter some branch of field crop research, for which his early training should admirably fit him.

The Junior Grain Club movement gave him his first interest in this particular sideline of farming, in which he received the whole-hearted support of his parents. His brother Justyn is also a champion, but in the growing of oats. Boosting the Peace River country, Lloyd attributes his success to the fertility of the land in that section of the country. In addition, he received considerable inspiration from the achievements of Herman Trelle, and is proud of having duplicated the record of that champion.

Rigby and Trelle, by their sweeping wins, have focussed the attention of wheat growers everywhere upon Alberta, and it is to encourage Rigby in further studies along the lines in which he has shown such ability that the province made the award of the scholarship.

## C.O.T.C. Men Try For Qualifications

Three hundred and forty-eight C.O.T.C. students wrote the first paper of their final examinations Sunday morning, starting at 9 a.m. The examinations last three hours, and climaxes three months of lectures and studying for many of the men. All ranks wrote the test, most of them to obtain qualifications for promotion from the rank of second lieutenant to lieutenant. Medicals wrote for lieutenant to captain.

Col. P. S. Warren, officer commanding, and Lt.-Col. E. H. Strickland, officer in charge of instruction, both expressed gratification for the co-operation given them by cadets and instructors, and with the achievements of the men this term. Map reading, organization, field engineering, military law and duties were subjects covered this term.

This first paper was common to all arms, but after the Christmas holidays candidates will be allowed to specialize in the different branches of the army services which are available at the University. Engineering, Artillery, signals, medicals and the other branches require special training, and the academic course followed by the student is carefully considered before admittance is granted. Tactics and more practical studies will be the order for the new year, and the test on these courses will be held in mid-March.

Orders issued by Col. Warren, warned members of the Officers' training Corps that the examination would be carried out under strict regulations necessary in the conduct of a military test. Students were ordered to report at 8:30 a.m., and began writing one half-hour later behind locked doors. No books, pencils or notes were allowed in the examination room. Much to the relief of many, smoking was not barred, but out of courtesy to other candidates, were requested to be as quiet as possible.

Members of "A" Company were not required to write this examination, as they already possess the necessary qualifications.

Quoting Winston Churchill in saying that "the front line of our defence runs through our factories," F. G. Winspear proceeded to show the efforts that were being made by Canadian industry in furthering the war effort, in his lecture "Canada and the Economic War." Mr. Winspear addressed the December meeting of the Philosophical Society, held Wednesday evening, Dec. 11, in Med 142. He is assistant professor of accounting and a member of an overture business firm.

In speaking on the economic as opposed to the military side of a war, Mr. Winspear declared: "A nation must mobilize its resources and utilize them to the best possible advantage for its own sake and the uses of its armies, and in so far as it is possible, restrict the use of industrial and economic resources to its enemy. You can not win a war with shells produced after the war is over; you can not feed troops at the front with wheat produced years later."

"The economic side of a war cannot be considered entirely independent of the military side. An economic blockade of the axis powers and their occupied countries can not be carried out without military co-operation. And conversely the effectiveness of military operations is largely dependent on the capacity of industry to repair and replace losses of equipment and supplies."

Economic war can be commenced long before military operations, Mr. Winspear declared. Germany commenced her economic war at least four years before she invaded Poland and precipitated a declaration of war by Great Britain. Generally, trade is a triangular or multilateral process, but in recent years Germany and other totalitarian countries developed a bilateral method which brought all foreign business under government control, and likewise the control of exchange.

"This method of bilateral trading offered a way out of the trade problems of depressed nations, and in the instance of Germany political and military pressure was often utilized to force to trade commodities that she would have been unable to sell freely on a free market," Mr. Winspear stated.

Germany at the outbreak of this war was in a strong military position and in a comparatively weak position economically. Great Britain on the other hand was in a strong economic position, but in a weak military position. Her policy was therefore to use her abundance of foreign credits to buy in uneconomic market such as Roumania and Spain, materials that could have been bought to better advantage elsewhere, with the intention of preventing the materials from getting into the hands of Germany. Other organizations as the English Commercial Corporation Limited have been organized with the object of defeating German trade advances in the Balkans. It was because of her weakness on the economic front that Germany made the invasion into Norway and the more recent military operations in the Balkans.

Evidence of Canada's preparation for entrance into the economic war is shown in the steps that were taken as: (1) a Foreign Exchange Control Board was set up for the purpose of regulating and controlling foreign exchange; (2) regulations respecting trading with the enemy were passed; (3) legislation increasing taxation and limiting expenditures was expediently passed; (4) the treasury took prompt action to augment the financing of the war by internal borrowing; and (5) established advisory committees and supply boards.

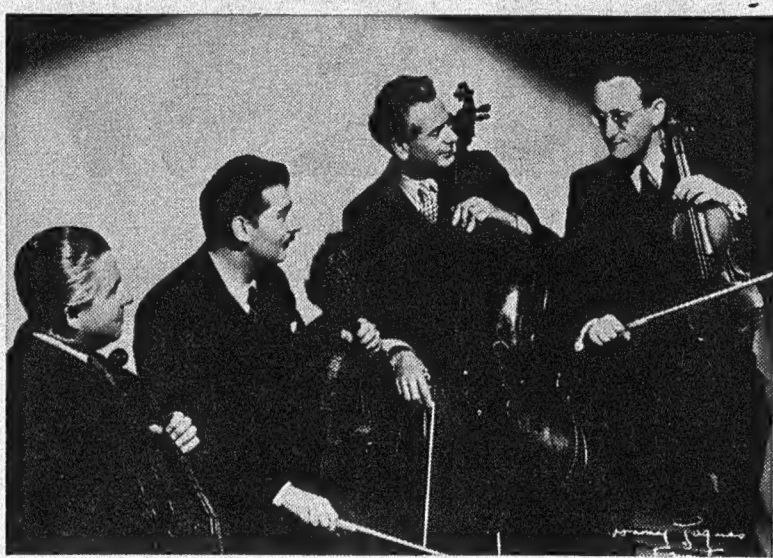
"The Foreign Exchange Control Board," Mr. Winspear stated, "has endeavored to maintain the export of Canadian money at a minimum, and to harbor and protect Canadian resources so that the purchase of supplies and materials will disrupt the Canadian exchange as little as possible."

"Another duty of the board is to see that no goods are exported to or imported from enemy countries or countries that might be intermediate between this country and the enemy."

In developing the measures respecting taxation and limitation of profits, two considerations were kept in mind: that the largest possible measure of productivity of the country be diverted to production of war materials, and secondly, the mobilization of economic resources and income so that no portion of the population is benefitting unduly. Control boards of various sorts have also been established to regulate the supplies of other commodities essential to the nation, as in oil, agricultural products, machined products, power, steel, etc.

"In this war," Mr. Winspear declared, "a mechanism has been set up to make it impossible, certainly most unlikely, that the enemy are likely to benefit from Canadian resources. It is alleged that certain

WILL PLAY AGAIN



Above is the Hart House String Quartet, which played to capacity audiences in Convocation Hall last fall, and which is being brought back for a repeat performance Monday, March 4th. They are, left to right: Adolphe Koldofsky, Milton Blackstone, Morris Hambourg, and James Levey.

## Raffles, Clubs Contribute to Christmas Fund Drive Success

Illness and Absence of Carnival No Deterrent as Students Give Generously

HAMPERS ALREADY DISTRIBUTED

Come Tuesday evening, Old Saint Nick will have received quite a boost in his annual tour of homes the world over. Rich folks, poor folks all alike should receive a visit from the benevolent old gentleman. Alberta students are especially interested in what he has in store for the not-so-fortunate among their brethren.

Dispelling all fears of the Christmas Fund Committee that general illness and shortness of time would prevent them from realizing a sum to carry on the campaign, students came through during the last few days with a splendid show of generosity. Upwards of \$300.00 had been collected up to press time, with an unknown amount still expected. Last year \$360.00 were contributed.

The auctions, contributions and a mammoth radio raffle kept the pot boiling. Club raffles especially contributed a sizable sum. Winners dare not reveal what they have won, but it is reported that it is very appropriate to the time of year. Net receipts on hand from the radio raffle now amount to over \$140.00, an increase of \$25.00 over last year. Draw was held Sunday afternoon at the official opening of the outdoor rink. Winner was Mr. A. West, Bursar of the University. The auction held in St. Steve's last week is reported to have netted some \$40.00. Other contributing to the fund were Pharmacy Club \$24.00, E.S.S. \$25.00, Dental Club \$12.00, Law Club \$11.00, Parnassus Club and Provincial Lab \$5.00 each. Proceeds from the highly hilarious basketball game between the professors and co-eds netted some \$15.00. Varieties request program is expected to net \$20.00.

Receipts are down somewhat from last year because of the fact that the Residence Banquet and Dance had to be cancelled because of the flu epidemic. The auctions in the residences also were banned. These functions in other years have contributed upwards of \$125.00.

Hampers have already been despatched to the needy districts. They have had to be cut down somewhat, but they still will be able to provide much cheer to the needy. Because the cost of transportation to outlying districts is prohibitive, distribution has been limited to the Edmonton district.

Christmas Fund Committee consists of Ed Lewis, Jack Butterfield, Marg Willox and Jean Robertson. The new year, how's for helping a little?

Come to the tea, and induce others to do the same. Put in an appearance, even if it is only one a week, at the House Ec lab. Take home some knitting or a little sewing. Pass on your ideas for raising money. Come out and help the helpers!

This spring the Hart House Quartette will once again visit the campus under the auspices of the Wauneita Society. Proceeds from this concert are expected to be considerably larger than last year, and they will be turned over to the war work at the University. Arrangements for the program are already under way.

Response from the girls has been anything but disheartening up to the present time, although there is still a great deal of room for improvement. If half the girls can do it, why can't the other half? As with all walks of life, some people are working very hard and energetically on war work, devoting nearly all of their spare time to this cause, while some others have not even appeared at one meeting to see what it is all about. After firms made abnormal and excessive profits during the last war, and it is to put an end to this that such measures as the War Profits Contract Act and the Excess Profits Tax Act were passed, which limit the increase in profits in 1940 and future years to an amount not exceeding 25% of the average profits for the four years 1936-37-38-39.

In conclusion, Mr. Winspear stated that, "In our democracy our national policy is bound to reflect to a considerable extent what we as individuals want it to reflect." His experience in the business world has led him to believe that on many occasions a course of action has been prompted by sentiment, by ideals, by understanding and by warmth of heart, and to quote John Buchan, "it is not the machine that matters but the man," that is the eternal principle in which our way of life rests.

## South Students Planning Dance In Lethbridge

Flash! Plans for the annual Varsity Ball to be held in Lethbridge, that metropolis of the Banana Belt, are well under way. The committee in charge promises an unparalleled extravaganza of fun and frolic for young and old. Novel decorations, lilting music, sweet and hot by the Ambassadors, the crooning voice of Anne Leishman, novelties of all kinds and the Christmas spirit will combine to make this unofficial Varsity function the highlight of the festive season.

For the past two years this ball has been the most successful and the finest ever staged in Southern Alberta. From near and far, by automobile, train, horseback and mule team, undergraduates and alumnae from all universities flock to Lethbridge and exchange Christmas greetings and good cheer with their friends. The Christmas spirit flows freely and unabated from sundown to sunup. It is the one function during the holidays when Varsity students can hold a real get-together.

Cast yourselves into the near future. The thoughts of exams are far away:

"The stage is set, The guests are met, Can't hear the merry din?"

The stage is the main dining room of the Marquis Hotel in Lethbridge. The date is Thursday, December 26, and the time is 9 p.m.

The fare? A mere \$1.50. Doesn't it intrigue you?

There is but one rigid rule. One member of each couple must be from a University, either attending or having attended. Mount Royal students are included. Dress is optional.

Make your plans now. Arrange your party. Tickets are limited, so get them early. For further information and tickets, see Herb Wilson, Thad Ives or Gwen Williams.

## Presidents Extend Season's Greetings

Christmas and the New Year! Over the centuries, at least in the western world, man has turned every year for a few days to leisure and jovial living when the quality of mercy has not been strained and when buoyancy and hope have filled the air. Today the ancient Yuletide spirit is challenged by the terrible obsession of the world war. All the same, we can in truth and sincerity, as we prepare ourselves for whatever our country may call upon us to do, wish one another for 1941 a brighter and happier Christmas and New Year than the one just drawing to a close. This is my heart-felt wish and hope for you all.

Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that good shall fall At last—far off—at last, to all, And every winter change to spring. W. A. R. KERR.

The greeting "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" has an ironic ring in a world of little "peace on earth, goodwill toward men," and even less prospect of such a state in the near future.

But, nevertheless, Christmas is the time of year when the better side of human nature makes its appearance—greetings and gifts are exchanged, families are reunited, cares and troubles are forgotten for a brief space of time, completely given over to the joy of making others happy. It is indeed unfortunate for mankind, old as well as young, that the Christmas spirit visits the earth at such lengthy intervals. To a great many people this season is also an occasion to review the past year's events as they have affected our world and ourselves. It has been a year of fear and uncertainty, but out of it has emerged the realization that we still possess the qualities upon which has been based our present conceptions of worth-while things. It is, therefore, in this vein of present sacrifice for future security, that we embark upon the 1941 stream of events.

President, Students' Council. J. W. NEILSON.

an operatic concoction. Mr. Dalkin vainly tries to get the leading characters to take their noses out of their books and pay a little attention to their dramatic efforts.

How different this group will look about a month from now. Plaid skirts and practical western clothes will be put aside for the oriental dress of the Japanese (courtesy of Malabar's in Winnipeg). The stage and scenery will transport us half way around the world. There will be no wrong notes, no missed cues. Everything will be correct down to the smallest detail. Then the world will see how effective Mr. Dalkin's "Put some life into it, for goodness sake!" and Mr. Kevan's "Come on, now, keep up the tempo" have been.

Everybody knows the familiar songs of "The Mikado"—Ko Ko's Tit Willow song to Katisha, The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring, and all the rest of them, but each artistic, lively and melodious presentation of them charms us anew.

Of course you all know the cast, so this dissertation will just end with a final, "Don't miss 'The Mikado'."

## Philharmonic Society Grant Increased By \$150; Delay Dance Date For Undergrad

Affair to be Held February 7 Instead of January 10

MEETING WELL ATTENDED

Wauneita War Workers Given \$70 to Purchase Necessary Materials For Their Work

With few items on the agenda, Students' Council went through a rapid session at the last meeting of the year last Wednesday evening. In marked contrast with recent meetings, a near perfect attendance was recorded.

Major portion of the meeting was devoted to a review of the budget situation by Treasurer Ed Lewis. Because of added expenditure, the already slim surplus called for has been cut to the danger point. The Treasurer warned Council that they would have to watch expenses very carefully, and consider only the more important requests for funds.

After an impassioned appeal by Law Representative Alec Williamson, Council agreed to increase the Philharmonic Society budget by the sum of \$150. Negotiations for the Calgary trip have made it clear that more funds will be required. It is hoped, however, that the great popularity of "The Mikado" will result in bigger attendances both here and in the southern city, resulting in a possible decrease in the grant from Council.

In answer to a request from the Wauneita War Workers, a grant of \$70 was given them to aid them in purchasing the necessary materials for their work required before the Christmas holidays.

A motion amending the constitution so as to permit the Undergrad, sponsored by the Commerce Club, to be held on February 7 instead of its original date of January 10, was given final reading.

Following a suggestion of the Committee on Student Affairs, it was decided to fix the date of the Sophomore Reception as the first Saturday following November 11. This was done to avoid any interference with the mid-term examinations held in November.

As many students on the campus hold executive positions in excess of the allowance under the Point System Act, Council has requested that any students so affected forward in writing a request to obtain an extension of points. If this regulation is not adhered to, students may be unable to obtain credit for any extra points they may have earned.

Secretary Cec Robson was appointed a committee of one to handle negotiations of Council with the management of the outdoor rink. Word has been received that the N.F.C.U.S. is considering suspending operations for the duration of the war. Some of the member universities feel that this central organization should not be shelved. Before taking a definite stand on Alberta's position in the matter, President Jack Neilson was instructed to carry on further correspondence in an effort to clarify the situation. The N.F.C.U.S. has in the past years been responsible for many inter-university relationships.

## Villain Arrested; Heroine Swoons

Healy Sings

To the stirring strains of the William Tell Overture, and accompanied by the usual cloud of dust and roar of hoofs, the Lone Ranger rode into the midst of Le Cercle Spectacular, leaving it thrilled by his spectacular and dashing bravado. Indeed, the original star of the radio and screen epic had better look to his laurels, for "Le Garde Forestier Solitaire" as portrayed by Prof. Ed. Greene, has without a doubt superseded all others.

It must have been a happy moment that inspired the French Club to enact this highly hilarious comedy, which combined soap operas and western thrillers in a very laughable manner. Otherwise entirely original, the play (if such it may be called) was written by Miss Bessie Sidorsky, directed by Miss Helen Hardy and Miss Moira Law. Jack Parks, as the radio announcer (and what talent has been lost to the CBC!) displayed considerable finesse in the art of persuasion as he expounded the super-super qualities of soft soap.

The scene itself opened in well known Skunk Hollow—with Mary Lou Smith as the beautiful Blanche, Myrtle Hirtle—la mère, Bessie Sidorsky—la grand mère, and Paul Matz—le pere. When the villain and blackguard—Aylmer Ryan—carries off the ravishing Blanche, Hugh Davidson (Master of Woo Woo) as Tonto, and the Lone Ranger, not forgetting the horse "Argent," effect a thrilling and timely rescue. With the arrival of the sheriff, all's well that ends well, and it's "Heigh Ho! Argent Le Garde Forestier Solitaire se promène à cheval encore."

The meeting, which was held in St. Joseph's auditorium, opened with Le Marcellaise. Joan Wood presided, and Mona Law read the minutes of the last meeting.

Barbara Gillman sang a very lovely French song. She was accom-

## Scottish Varsity Background For Spring Dramat

Ambitious Actors Tackle Dialect Play

CAST SELECTED

"What Say They" by James Bridie, is the title of the Spring Play to be presented by the Dramatic Society the latter part of February. The author, James Bridie, is quite a powerful Scottish writer, who has written several very successful plays. Six years ago his play, "A Sleeping Clergyman," was voted an enormous success by Convocation Hall theatre-goers. Last year, when the Morris Colburne Players toured Canada, they chose Bridie's play, "Tobias and the Angels," which received wide acclaim wherever produced. The author, whose real name is not James Bridie, is a well known medical doctor, Mavor, and practices in Scotland.

The title for his play has an interesting origin. "Aberdeen people," says Bridie, "pay no regard to scandal about themselves or others, and express their dislike for gossip by the words, 'They say?—what say they?—let them say!'" The author has chosen the middle part of their saying to name his play.

"What Say They" centres around life in the Scottish University of Skerryvore. Mr. Bridie has been careful to point out that Skerryvore is not one of the four leading universities in Scotland, yet this mythical Varsity bears a strong resemblance to all of them. The play deals with student behavior and discipline in an institution which for generations has been controlled by a staff of bigotted Presbyterians. The principal, Dr. Archibald Asher (Don Thornton), a youngish, rather tolerant man, with the help of his colleagues, decides to cultivate a more lenient attitude within the University. He is assisted to this end by Dan McEntie, porter of the Varsity, who is in reality a revolutionary Irish poet in hiding. This humorous and altogether miscellany character will be played by Bill Mitchell. Myrna Hirtle as the lead, and with a half-Irish, half-French accent, will no doubt charm her audience. Professor Hayman, the hypocritical leader of the staunch Presbyterians, will be portrayed by Morris Bomerlan. Adolphus Hayman, his son and a student, will be Hugh Wallace. Bill Carr has a very difficult character role, that of Lord Carsheenie, Lower Director of Skerryvore. Mr. Sheltie is being acted by Prof. Boileau. Hanna Christopherson will do the role of Nellie. The remaining supporting players are Audrey Ladler, Marion Nancekevill, Veronica Davies, Max Grant and Paul Matz.

In addition to being a first-class literary production, this delightful comedy will afford Alberta students with many a laugh as they recognize typical Varsity life problems. "What Say They." Many different Scottish and Irish dialects to be voiced by this cast of fourteen is a tribute to the ambitious endeavors of the play directors. E. M. Jones is again at the helm, and will be assisted by Bob Black, who directed the "Family Album," winner of the Interyear Plays. "Casey" expressed himself as well pleased with the merits of his cast for such a noteworthy production.

## Quizzes, Dramas On Varsity Radio

Fred Pritchard, chairman of the Students' Broadcasts, announced over the week-end that beginning with the New Year, half-hour plays, quizzes and other varieties of entertainment would be presented on the students' broadcasts, held weekly on Friday evening from station CKUA, from 7:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mr. Pritchard informed us that the scripts for the plays have already been sent for, and should arrive soon. Something in the way of original quizzes is also on the agenda for the programs after the New Year. It is the wish of the directors of these broadcasts to vary the programs as much as possible so as to create the maximum interest in these broadcasts.

Many other ideas for future programs are under consideration, and further plans will be made by the directors during the Christmas vacation.

panied by Peggy Molloy. After the comedy a sing-song was conducted by Mr. Dennis Healy and Prof. Greene.



# TO BE READ BEFORE CHRISTMAS!

## What's Wrong With Student Essays? "They Don't Think", Answers Writer

By F. M. Salter

"Thus gods are made, and whoso makes them otherwise, shall die." Rudyard Kipling will help me to make a point about essay-writing which I might otherwise be disposed to shirk. His quaint little poem of "Evarra and his Gods" has certain moral and intellectual implications that are very much to the point.

In each of several lives, Evarra the artist created statues of gods, in each case writing above the shrine or on the plinth: "Thus gods are made, and whoso makes them otherwise, shall die." The first was a god "in gold and pearl, with turquoise diadem and human eyes, A Wonder in the sunshine, seen afar." The second, hewn out of the "living rock," became "A terror in the sunshine, seen afar." The third, "because he lived among a simple folk," was whittled from a "fallen pine"; the fourth "of dung and horns dropped in the mire." In Paradise at last, Evarra meets the true and only God who praises his work and his "more wondrous law." Thereupon, "with laughing mouth, but tear-wet eyes, Evarra cast his gods from Paradise." The point of this little fable, Kipling does not actually state, but surely it is that Evarra in each of his lives used the best materials available and wrought the best work of which he was capable. This is the law.

The student who can himself find flaws and weaknesses in his own essay, will learn nothing from submitting it to an instructor; but if he submits the best writing of which he is capable, the instructor may be able to help him improve on that best, and so advance. Do students submit the best work they can do? Professors do not think so. Before writing this article, I asked a number of them, "What's wrong with student essays?" The answers were: "They don't think." "They don't come to grips with the subject." "They don't try to say anything."

In other words, and the verdict is as old as time, students do not submit their best. If they did, each new set of essays would not bring a new set of "howlers." As long as these seemed funny, I used to collect them; but they have long since passed beyond humor for me—not, I think, that I have myself gone sour, but that I have learned that what students do, the great ones of the earth do also, and student howlers associate themselves with men asleep at the switch everywhere and merge with the manifold tragedies of this world. Are not the writers of the following specimens asleep?

"She blew her nose noisily and stuck it into her hand-bag." "Wordsworth expresses this thought in his 'Imitations of Immortality'." "The milk man found himself looking at a woman napped in a bath-robe at his next stop." "He first talking of making an object in which a human could go to a great depth and return alive with Theodore Roosevelt." (Wm.

Beebe's diving bell.)

"Beginning with the date of my birth and ending today at A. & M. College, I was born July 20th, 1916, in Enid." (Protracted birth.) "In the first place, I don't like unretaliated love."

"In the poorer sections of England, the meals consist of bread and butter, tea, tart, or tea-cake. Flotsam and salmon are very common also."

Perhaps these are funny; but to me such writing is no guarantee that the college graduates of tomorrow will not leave the world as pitiful a mess as they found it. They will be guilty of blunders as silly and as tragic as those of their fathers, of misunderstandings that plunge nations into war, and of mis-statements for which the rank and file of mankind will suffer bitterly.

### First Commandment

The first commandment about essay writing, then, is—Do the best you can. If you will, you will find instructors eager to help, and most approachable.

You can't do your best without worrying. You must be interested in the job, must carry it about with you, and live with it. In fact, if you will do that much, you need no further instruction. Out of my own acquaintances I could list persons who have left school at the age of eleven, or who have had no instruction in writing at all, who have become distinguished authors—and they have not done it by inspiration either. So many of these are there that one is likely to be a little impatient when confronted with, "I never wrote an essay before." What of it? There's always a first time—and you have seen essays, haven't you? If not, ask the Librarian for a few, and go and do likewise. The point is that if you don't want to, you can't; if you do want to, you can. Get worried.

How can you learn anything, except by doing it? There was solid virtue in the old fashion of teaching youngsters to swim by heaving them overboard. If they swam, fine! If they didn't, there was one less nuisance for the world to take care of. I hope there will always remain a few old Romans on University faculties.

Being neither old nor Roman, I shall proceed with diagrams and water-wings.

All there is to essay writing is this: You must know what you want to say, and you must know the meaning of the words you use.

You must know what you want to say. Many students don't know. They sit down and sweat out a paragraph without the ghost of an idea as to what comes next. They dream of something called "style," and imagine that by a gift of the gab a writer can clothes emptiness. No good essay was ever written by sawing of a chunk of nothing and draping style over it. In fact, there is no such thing as style apart from matter; if there were, it would be like an expensive evening wrap

keeping a wax model warm in a shop window. Most readers would prefer a less expensive garment with real human flesh showing in the proper places. It is the flesh that makes the frock interesting. That style is best, in short, which grows out of the matter in hand and out of the character of the writer. The third behest, then, is to forget style, and concentrate on what you have to say.

You must know the meaning of the words you use. I have already given a list of howlers. Surely nothing is so tragic in life as the man who cannot express quite simple things, who cannot say what he means; conversely, there is no person quite so effective as the man who has command of words. To such men the world turns in emergencies—to Churchill, to Roosevelt—even though we may be content in piping times of ease to muddle along with muddy thinkers. And it is a strange fact that all the great, the heroic, the noble actions of the world are expressed to us and remembered by us in noble words. The great thinkers of science, the great engineers, the great physicians, the great business men have never despised—as students of engineering, of medicine, of commerce are apt to do—the art of words; for thinking without words is barely, if at all, possible, and thought is the common tool of greatness.

How can one know the meaning of words? The same old answer: by being interested, by being concerned about them, by being worried. There are dictionaries, but it is pointless to mention their names, for the student who wants to know will find them, and the names will not induce the others to look. But we have in the English language a monument worth looking at if for no other reason because it is one of the wonders of the world. How far will you travel to see a pyramid? Boulder Dam? Sydney Bridge? The Taj Mahal? You can see in your own Library, and in every library in the civilized world, a copy of the Oxford Dictionary, a book which seventy years and thousands of workers wrote, a book which tries to follow every English word from its first introduction into the language down to the present, and to give abundant illustrations of its various use. If in the realm of the practical any greater achievement stands to the credit of mankind, I don't know what it is. There are also smaller dictionaries that are useful.

### Students Don't Think

Failure to use words correctly is a pervasive and insidious fault, and it is only when they are outrageously mis-used that readers notice them. Words that come somewhere near the meaning will pass inspection—but they will convey a meaning quite different from that intended. In a long paper, there will be so many inconsistencies resulting from this fumbling use of words that an instructor can only say, "Students don't think."

So much for water-wings; now for diagrams. Assuming that you have done the study required in the essay assignment—a magnificent assumption—and are now ready to compose the essay, what is the first thing to do? The first thing to do is to take a walk around the block and see what it yields. If it yields nothing, walk around another block. If that yields nothing, keep on walking, walk all night, and worry, until you walk into the sunrise. Your object in so doing is to occupy the flesh which is intrusive, and set the mind free. Other devices, such as shaving and washing dishes, are good, but, especially for first essays, they don't last long enough. Your object is to think the thing out; and there are two parts of your essay that you must have before you can write. The first is the point of it, and the second is the title. If you have them, you have everything, and there is nothing more to do except write. That's easy. Anybody can write when he has something to say. Don't be easily satisfied: the first ideas that come to you will be the first that come to everybody; what you want is something peculiarly your own—your instructors will call it original. To make sure it is your own and good, you had better walk around another block.

If you don't get the title beforehand, you never will get it; every intellectual baby has to be named before it is born.

You know exactly what you want to say. You can express that point in a single sentence. Do so. This sentence will be the last one of your essay. For now your task is to lead a reader through the processes of thought—omitting of course the false trails and bypaths and jungles of the actual experience—that brought you to this conclusion. Write out this climactic statement, and say to yourself, "This is the goal I must reach; this is what I must prove, demonstrate, elucidate, explain, and then I'll go sleep." You will want to get through as quickly and as efficiently as possible, consistently with giving a complete and intelligible elaboration of your ideas. You will find that the expressed point of your essay has within itself the implications of the whole article you must write. If you study it, you will find where you must begin, what must follow, what explanations and minor points must be brought out before you can finally say what was in your mind to say all along.

A caution may be introduced here. I am not discussing journalistic

## How We Got Our Christmas

Once again we welcome the approach of the Christmas season. Long before the Christian era this season of the year was celebrated as a great winter festival. Among most of the northern peoples, festivals of the winter solstice were held. The days were beginning to lengthen out; here indeed was cause for rejoicing. Among the Jews this season of the year was observed as the "Feast of Lights," among the Persians as the Feast of Mithra, the "Invincible Sun." The Romans observed the Feast of Saturnalia from Dec. 17 to 24, during which time master and slave enjoyed complete social equality, and all anger and quarrelling were strictly prohibited. Presents were given, but these were not to be expensive. The Egyptians, too, observed the season and, strangely enough, a newborn child was the symbol of the birth of the new year.

Among the peoples of northern Europe where the winters were more severe this turning point was the signal for wild rejoicing. Great fires were kindled and the Yule logs piled high, signifying the death of King Frost. In these feasts evergreens and mistletoe, which had defied the fierce blasts of winter, were taken as symbols of the continuance of life, and made the centre of the celebrations. Feasting and the chanting of songs were common.

With the spread of Christianity

the birth of Jesus began to be celebrated at various times. Nov. 18, Dec. 25, Jan. 6, Mar. 28, April 18, 19 and 20, and May 29 all had their supporters. About the middle of the fourth century a Church Council tried to fix the date. Dec. 25 was the date decided on by the Western Church, the East favoring Jan. 6—both following soon after the winter solstice. In all probability, Jesus was not born on Dec. 25. In fact, we do not know within about fifteen years just when Jesus did come into the world. But this is the date on which we have chosen to remember the birth of the Christ-child. And we are so made that the date does mean something. (Just you make a mistake of even one day in regard to the girl friend's birthday—and see if the date doesn't matter!)

A Holy day which is really a holiday! As G. K. Chesterton describes it: "It is a combination of feasting and praying, of religion and merry-making." Many of the pagan rites described above were taken over and infused with the Christian spirit. The evergreens, mistletoe, holly, ivy, the Yule log, feasting, carol-singing, giving of gifts are in direct succession of the ancient festivals. It is in the way these two elements are blended that gives to Christmas its true meaning.

H. E. LORSBACH.

### INFLUENZA

My Daddy had an aching head and looked so ill that Mother said, "Don't make a noise, for Dad's in bed."

In bed with Influenza.

I crept up like a mouse would creep. In case dear Daddy was asleep, And around the door I tried to peep, To look at Influenza!

I only saw dear Daddy's head Upon the pillow on the bed. He was alone . . . yet Mother said He was with Influenza! —Florence Hoatson.

### VERS LIBRE

Mary! What an alluring name! (I am thrilled by "Mary") She possessed a lamb. It was a diminutive lamb. (I am intrigued by the lamb) Its pelage was of a dazzling purity which rivalled the wintry mantle of the North;

And wheresoever the dainty footsteps of Mary trod, by no conceivable expedient short of bloodshed could that lamb be prevented from contacting her. Mary—and the lamb! (I am intrigued.)

### CHRISTMAS ISSUE

Christmas issue, Christmas issue, All the staff would like to kiss you. They worked and toiled all through the day With never a lonely soul to say, "Please, dear boys, come to me here And I will buy you all a beer."

Definition of Necktie: The big shot at a party.

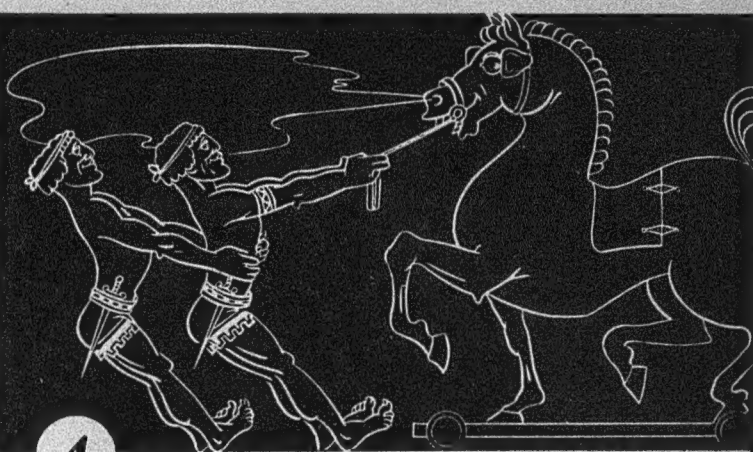
### Wide Margins Requested

Finally, a word may be said about manuscript. It is conventional in all civilized countries to write on one side of the paper, and to leave margins wide enough for insults. The general idea is to make the reading as easy and as pleasing an experience as possible. There is a certain flattery of the reader involved; you say in effect that you consider his time more valuable than the sheet of paper that you might have saved by writing edge to edge. Human beings, even professors, have been known to respond to flattery. Tidiness of manuscript can be defended on other grounds than those of "Do unto others." The manuscript is your advertising. It tells the world what kind of person you are. Most of us do not care to see our portraits in untidy work.

Margins wide enough for insults. An American friend of mine submitted a piece of scholarly work to a distinguished English scholar for criticism, and showed me the results. The margins were full of such comment as would have humiliated me into perpetual silence, comment not merely insulting, but savage, brutal. My friend, however, was deeply grateful. "This guy's doing me a favor. Gee, lookit all the time he put on it." He refused to be hurt, he insisted on learning from this experience all there was in it to learn; and it is this intensity of his will to learn that has already made him a very important and influential person in the world of scholarship. I tell this story not idly, but for the purpose of saying that a genuine student can learn even under the most distressing and discouraging circumstances.

Professors of English, History, Philosophy, and others who assign essays, have a notion that there is an intellectual training and discipline to be found in writing them. Is this idea of theirs just amiable nonsense due to a softening of the brain that sets in with the first year of teaching and that accelerates thereafter? Or is there something in it? I have tried to show that good essay writing is based on thinking, that content is important, and that that style is best which grows out of the meaning. Certainly it is on this basis that all essays are judged; on this basis they are graded. Essay writing ought, then, to provide intellectual exercise, training in the processes of thought; and it needs no demonstration that thinkers are of some value to the world.

This, then, is the sum of the gospel: put your heart into it; be sure you have something to say that is worth saying; learn the meaning of words; start at the beginning and stop at the end. Thus are essays written, and whoso writes them otherwise . . .



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TO write an editorial on Christmas is difficult, for it must be original, and yet express the same old-fashioned message which has been conveyed since the birth of Christ. To write a Christmas message in 1940 is impossible, for everything that **CHRISTMAS** this festive season stands for is being **EDITORIAL** ignored, the laws of the One whose birthday we celebrate are being broken. Christmas will be observed, but the spirit is gone.

All we can do, then, is to take pen in hand and follow the example set by other editors and wish all our readers a "Very Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year."

## EDITORIAL SQUIBS

To all members of the staff, and contributors to The Gateway throughout the present term, I wish to express my personal thanks. Your co-operation has been appreciated, and I hope that the hours of work done in The Gateway office will not affect the results of your Christmas exams.—L.W.

Headline in a recent Calgary Albertan—"Douses Three Hundred Fire Bombs Clad Only in Pyjamas." What the well dressed bomb will wear . . .

Last minute attempts to grasp a new lease on life, for those students not entirely prepared for their tests, rumors were rampant on the campus last Friday that the University would be closed because of the many flu cases which were filling the Infirmary. Nothing came of the whole thing, however, and Christmas exams proceeded apace. Results will no doubt show which students should have had the flu.

With the publication of this, the Christmas issue of The Gateway, we complete the first term of a thirty-five issue year. Looking back, we feel quite satisfied with the paper so far, and hope that the New Year will bring continued and increased success to The Gateway and the staff.

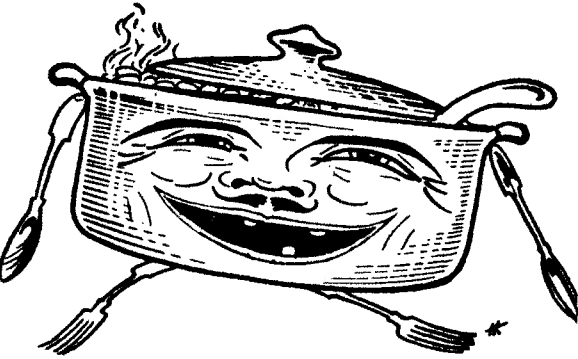
They say a word to the wise is sufficient. To the Gentlemen on the campus, need we say more than to suggest that age should not only be respected when it is in bottles?

Still Another Three Minute English Lesson  
Incorrect: "Dear Dad, may I have \$5. We are having a prom."  
Correct: "Dear Dad, my new psychology course requires a \$5 lab. manual."

The pompous and ill-mannered officer of a certain European army was expounding on the theme that the British soldier is mercenary because he received a far higher rate of pay than the Continental conscript. "We fight for honor and glory," he said with a superior tone.  
"Quite right, old boy," replied a British officer with a smile of amused tolerance. "Each of us fights for what we haven't got!"

"Fred! There's someone creeping upstairs."  
"Whazza time?"  
"Half-past three."  
"Well, thank goodness, it's not me this time."

## CASSEROLE



Temperance Lecturer: "And in conclusion, my dear fellow citizens, I will give you a practical demonstration of the evils of the Demon Rum.  
"I have two glasses here on the table: One is filled with water and the other with whiskey. I will now place an angle worm in the glass of water. See how it lives, squirms, vibrates with the very spark of life.  
"Now I will place a worm in the glass of whiskey. See how it curls up, writhes in agony and then dies.  
"Now, young man, what moral do you get from this story?"  
Frish: "If you don't want worms, drink whiskey."

## BEER won't do at all.

"I do odd jobs in a millinery shop."  
"Yes, my girl friend is wearing one of them."

## EPITAPH

His cross unseen,  
His coffin bare,  
Here lies the man  
Who wasn't there.

A current silly has to do with the maniac who firmly believed that all his trouble was due to a cat in his tummy. The feline, he told doctors, scampered around inside and caused no end of agony and discomfort. Came the day when he really became ill, a bad appendix. While operating, the surgeon had a brilliant idea. Now is the time to end this cat business for once and all. He sent out for a black tomcat and when the patient struggled out of the ether, the surgeon proudly held up the wide-eyed tom and said: "Your troubles are all over now. Look what we took out of you." The nut hugged his tummy and moaned, "Dopes, you got the wrong cat. The one that's been bothering me is a white one!"

It's getting close to exam time and it would not be in the spirit of things if we did not remind our readers of some of the smart answers that are found on examination papers. For instance, asked to name two ancient sports, a student wrote on his exam paper: "Anthony and Cleopatra."

## Don't any of you try it.

A Scotchman stood on the bridge idly gazing at the water. A canoeist coming down the river suddenly overturned. He went down, came up gasping. The Scot looked on. Down he went the second time. When he came up again the Scot shouted to him: "Say, Mon, if you don't come up the next time, may I have the boat?"

## That's the way the Nazis get their horse sense.

A lunatic in the asylum was trying to knock a nail into the wall. But he had the head of the nail against the wood and was hammering the point.

At length, he threw down the nail in disgust and said: "Bah. Idiots. They gave me a nail with the head at the wrong end."

Another inmate who had been watching him began to laugh.  
"It's you what's the idiot," he said.  
"Why."

The other man jerked his thumb at the opposite wall.  
"Nail was made for the other side of the room," he said.

"That's the spirit," cried the medium as the table began to rise.

The teacher had asked the class to name all the states. One small urchin responded so quickly and accurately that she commended him for it.

"You did very well," she said, "much better than I could have done at your age."

"Yeah, and there wuz only 13 states then, too."

Willie (reading article on India)—What's an untouchable?  
Dad—It's a guest towel.

## Too true.

Two drunks got a room in a hotel. After much trouble, they succeeded in getting their clothes off and getting to bed. The first drunk said to the other, "There's someone in bed with me."

"There's someone in my bed, too," said the second.  
"Let's kick 'em out," suggested the first.  
"O.K.," replied the second.

Then both drunks commenced to kick and scuffle and the first drunk kicked the second out.

"Hooray," said the first, "I kicked him out."  
The second said in mournful tones, "I wasn't so lucky. The guy in my bed kicked me out."

"That's aw rite," said the first drunk. "You can come and sleep with me."

As a closing thought—A Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year, and remember: Dignity is one thing that cannot be preserved in alcohol.

## CORRESPONDENCE

England, Nov. 19, 1940.

Mr. G. B. Taylor,  
Sec. Alumni Association,  
U. of A.

I was just mulling over a pile of old letters and papers and came upon the copy of the alumni paper, "The Trail," so just decided to write and say a few words of what it's like to us over here, and how nice it is to hear from home, even to see and read some of the news and names from home in this Trail.

We have been in this country nearly three months, and it is grand—everybody treats us like old friends. The "Canada" badges on one's shoulders are like an "open sesame" to us anywhere.

Our troops also have had a grand time of it because the English put themselves out so much for them. The country is everything we have ever heard of it being. We have done considerable touring around, and in the course of it have visited many interesting places, such as Winchester, Dover and Windsor; also during leave I had the opportunity of being in London for a few days and seeing a lot of the interesting old places there, and the damage done to them and the city by the bombs.

I saw St. Paul's Cathedral a few hours before it was bombed the second time, and the bent sword on the statue of Richard the Lion-hearted, and Westminster, and walked through the old Lawyers Area, all full of queer little alleys and houses, and all the Law Inns.

At Winchester we visited the Cathedral, the ancient burying ground of the Kings and Queens of England—not used for some hundred years now; also went through the ancient Westminster Bishops Palace and inspected the ruins of the old castles and Bishops Palace laid waste by Cromwell's men; visited the old Winchester College, founded by Dr. Williams of Wickham, which each year takes in 70 of the finest young scholars in England for a scholarship education. That is where they were straw hats every week-day—and a colored band on it, too—and toppers on Sunday; where they (the scholars) go to chapel, once every day and twice on Saturdays and Sundays, I think; anyway, it is nine times a week. Some of my class in the Engineering Faculty, class of '41, would like to hear about that.

Then at Windsor, myself and three other officers had the good fortune to be touring through Windsor Castle on Sunday when the King and Queen were in residence, and when they saw us in the Royal Quadrangle, the stopped and talked to us for about fifteen minutes. They were going out for a drive with the two princesses, and were quite informal. They chatted about England and then Canada and their trip there, and then told us they would be down to see us soon at our training. We had a party of fifty troops with us, and there wasn't a man of them, including myself, that would not gladly have foregone a month's pay if necessary for that thrilling experience.

I have several pictures of the group around the car, and the King and Queen taken by some of our men at that time, and they are priceless souvenirs.

Well, I must not take up any more of your time, so I'll thank you for your kindness in sending the Trail to me (darn these capital letters—the Engineering coming out in me, I suppose).

One little bit of information I can give you. You have listed in the Trail, under undergraduates serving in the A.S.F., one by the name of Don C. Matthews, a 2/Lt. in my unit, and although still in Canada now, will be here sometimes soon, think. He joined as a private in September, 1939, and held the rank of Platoon Sergeant-Major till appointed to a commission in August.

Lt. Don C. Matthews of my unit, and a previous Ag student, is now on the staff of one of the formations in the Canadian organization here—naturally too many names or designations would not be permitted to be listed by letter.

I am a bit of no other news—so I shall leave this; but first I'd like to say that to any and all of our friends at the Varsity we wish a grand and glorious Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and hope that we'll be registering there again next year—after we mop up this mess.

So until then, or until we hear from any of the people at our home, the University, we say "Au Revoir."  
ED. LANGSTON.

P.S.—I forgot to add that John C. Jamieson, previous Athletic Director at U. of A., is here in the same barracks with me. It is nice to be with someone from Varsity, and "Jake" is doing a darn good job. He is on the Y staff, Auxiliary Services. Also I have seen Jack Thomas, Andy Lees and, although I haven't seen him, I hear Doug Van Kleek is with these two in the Pioneer Bn. I have seen John Washburn and Don Jacques and a chap by the name of Howluluk—I am not sure of that spelling. They are reinforcements for one of the Edmonton units, and at present, or at least when I say them, were with one of the Holding Companies. Again adieu.—E.L.

I sneezed a sneeze into the air. It fell to earth I know not where. But hard and cold were the looks In whose vicinity I snooze.

And remember, it isn't the liquor you drink at night that hurts—it's the moaning after.

So the drunk walked up to the bartender and said, "Beat me, daddy, eight to the bar."

And then there was the Scotchman who was so tight he paid for the drinks.

Nov. 12, 1940.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—I wish to express my appreciation of your kindness in sending me a copy of The Gateway. I certainly enjoyed reading it.

As perhaps you know, there were several University of Alberta boys on my ship—Doug Van Kleek, Andy Lees, Jocko Thomas and Reg Dowdell, together with four nurses from Edmonton. We had a grand trip across, although I worked very hard trying to keep the troops entertained. Every evening we had a sing-song, a moving picture show, and a card party (euchre, not poker) going on in different parts of the ship. Then one afternoon I had a program of sixteen boxing bouts on the fore deck. I wish I could have taken a picture of that scene—the boys were astride masts, perched on the rigging, even standing on the rails. Another afternoon we ran off a tug-o-war with 22 teams entered, then an obstacle race with 48 men from different units taking part. Yes, I had a busy time on that boat. From our landing port, I went to London for three days. It certainly must have been a wonderful city in pre-war days, but it is really a heart-break to be there now—a ghost city at night with its blackout and a wrecked city in the day with its bomb scars. I enjoyed it very much, however, until my last night there, when the Jerries dropped an egg right beside my hotel, and I was forced to spend the rest of the night in a shelter.

I am now attached to the Calgary Highlanders, with whom also is Captain Ed Langston, an ex-Varsity rugby player, and Al Balachie. We have it very quiet here as far as the Jerries go—only one bomb landing actually in camp, although we were machine-gunned a couple of Sundays ago.

Funny, Mac Hall, who graduated in medicine and was manager of the football team my first year at Varsity, was visiting me from No. 4 C.C.S. He had been telling me of the bombings his outfit were receiving day and night, and I had just left my quarters to get a transport to take him back, when I heard the whine of bullets and, looking up, saw this Jerry a few hundred feet above our camp. My first thought was that I didn't have my tin hat on—I didn't waste any time in getting back for it, I assure you. Incidentally, no one was even scratched.

I am quite busy here with three shows to look after, moving picture shows, concert parties, lectures and tours occupy most of my time, although lately I've been appointed as basketball coach and officer in charge of the Calgary Highlanders concert party. I have also been asked to coach the hockey team if the hockey rink, which the Y.M.C.A. is taking over, is repaired—roof damaged by bomb.

Speaking of the tours. On one of these to Windsor Castle, Ed Langston had the honor to meet the King and Queen, and succeeded in having a snap taken while he was beside their car.

I've had some amusing things happen to me over here. The most common incident is finding my way—every sign-post has, of course, been removed, and asking directions is the only way. If three tell me the same course to take, then I figure I'm right.

I took some boxers up to Windsor the other night. While waiting for a guide in the blackout, I started chatting with a newsboy, a Cockney. He said, "You're a Can-i-dean, aren't you?" I told him yes, and asked how he could tell. "Ow, that's easy, sir, by your brooken English accent."

Getting back to The Gateway, I noticed that Arch McEwen is heading a "Contact Committee." May I suggest some things the boys I mentioned above would appreciate very much? Copies of The Gateway to be sent regularly to them, personal letters telling of little incidents and life generally around Varsity, and Canadian cigarettes would be most appreciated by them all I'm sure. If you could contact my Y.M.C.A. headquarters in Toronto they would be able to advise you on the best means of servicing these "Varsity Grads" over here.

I would personally appreciate it if you would say "hello" to all my friends at Alberta, and tell them I would sure like to hear how the basketball, rugby, hockey, etc., is going. My hope was to see a championship in basketball and in rugby come to Alberta. Is this the year?

Yours sincerely,  
J. C. "JAKE" JAMIESON.



"How could any real Santa Claus forget Sweet Caps!"

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## Christmas Greetings

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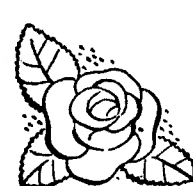
BIG  
ORANGE  
LEMON  
LIME  
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## GINGER-ALE



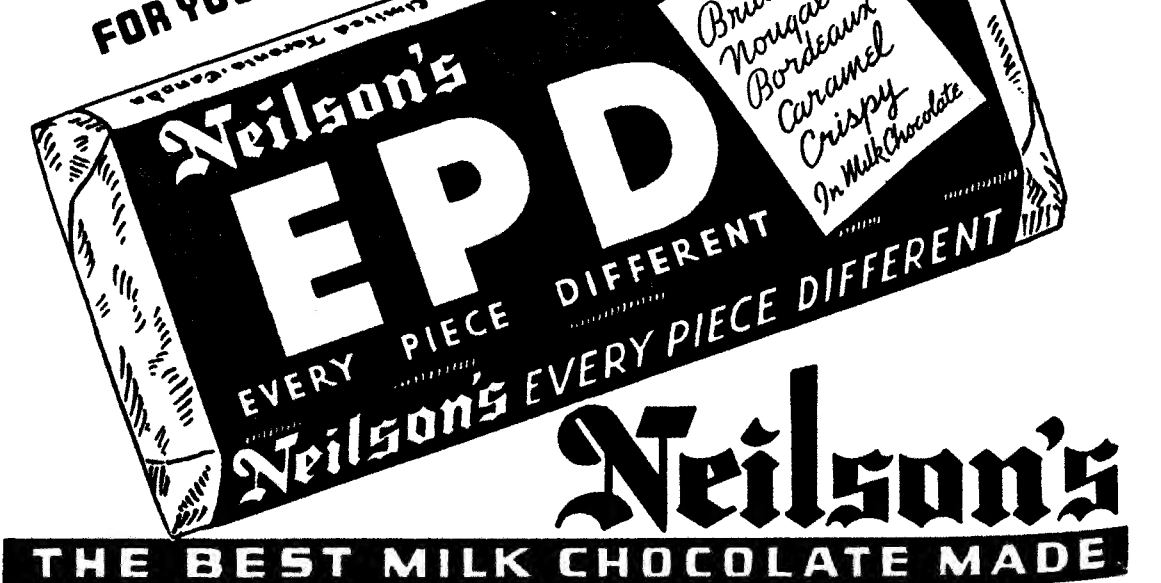
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"Those Were the Days"

Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope

"The Cat and the Canary"

Wed. & Thurs., Dec. 18, 19

Andrea Leeds and Don Ameche

"Swanee River"

Virginia Dale and Lyle Talbot

"Parole Fixer"

Fri. & Sat., Dec. 20, 21

Jack Benny

"Buck Benny Rides  
Again"

Martha Raye and Charles Ruggles

"The Farmer's Daughter"

## A Western Empire Builder

Biography of Our Own Donald Cameron—Minister, Librarian; A Man's Man—  
By One Who Knows

Of certain "Empire-builders" of sorts, the world has seen enough and to spare; and it has been Canada's privilege to contribute its full share. I am not at the moment thinking of these. It may perhaps be well, in view of the geographical implications in my life, to state also that I am in no wise concerned with that "Inland Empire" of which Spokane, Washington, is the metropolis. The empire I have in mind was manifestly thinking when he said to his friend, John Morley—"Thought is the citadel."

It was at one time the more or less hackneyed truism—practically expected from the "discerning critic" or "cultured inquirer" type of visitor—that the West "too new," "too raw," "too utilitarian," too something, to furnish a congenial soil for culture.

Today, the same type of observer "notes with pleasure" or "perceives with satisfaction" various indications of the dawning of a new day. Possibly if the present writer were to be called upon to present evidence in support of such a belief, his tastes being what they are, he might find it in what seems to him to be a somewhat more respectful and receptive attitude toward what is often termed "useless knowledge." While still quite predominantly "practical," we have ceased to be exclusively so. When a volume of University Essays, prepared in Western Canada, frankly and unblushingly includes one by a mediaevalist on a mediaeval subject, one feels that "knowledge for its own sake"—which may, or may not, serve as one rough definition of culture—is at least, not unthinkable.

The John Richard Green of the future, in his "Short History" of Western Canada, will doubtless ascribe this—and with justice—to the Universities of the country. But we who are living in this present age must not forget that the same Universities are being charged with being the ones who are (the common critical expression is "padding," or "padding," or something similarly genial) too much to the demand for the "practical." Perhaps an ordinary non-academic observer may be forgiven for the suspicion that the "university atmosphere" may take a long time to work its miracles in any wholesale fashion; that is to say, to put the thing in concrete form, to turn the student who thinks in terms of highly paid professional services as doctor or engineer, luxurious home, semi-palatial office suite, exclusive clubs, and all the rest of it, into a lover of any form of knowledge for its own sake. And precisely as the "atmosphere" can only foster indi-

vidual growth (or so it seems) in minds whose natural predilections are toward culture per se rather than merely toward a more highly organized capacity for material acquisition; so also—it again seems—the "atmosphere," if it is to effect any real influence, must itself be personified, clarified, brought to life, so to say, for the student; by actual contact with individuals who are at once the cultivators and the examples of the spirit itself. It is the presence of such men which breathes a living soul into that vague, shadowy, intangible something we call atmosphere. And it is the writer's purpose to sketch in brief outline one who I cannot think is among the least in his class; and whose work and personality should be more widely known.

### An Educated Man

Most of us, I suppose, have heard that definition of an educated man, which is (I believe) attributed to Lord Brougham: "One who knows everything of something, and something of everything." Neither would of course be possible today; with perhaps the solitary exception of the subject of the snakes of Iceland. I doubt—with the same proviso—whether either was possible in Brougham's day. But I rather imagine that a librarian at least, the latter at any rate would be a very fair working definition of his qualifications for his post. It is one which our present subject displays in an eminent degree.

D. E. Cameron, the Librarian of the University of Alberta, has not exactly "been everything," but he has filled positions in a wide variety of fields. I have noticed again and again how remarkably some one of these has contributed to furnish precisely that angle of cultural or human experience which at the moment was the one thing needed to illuminate some immediate problem. One gets occasional hints of a shrewdly and kindly father. This cannot be considered matter for surprise; for if one were to be rigidly restricted to two adjectives alone, he might look long for two better ones by which to describe the son. Fragmentary revelations now and again light up for an instant the story of his younger days. One gathers that much of his education, like that of many another Scottish lad, had to be fought for. I was in his company on one occasion when a field problem in trigonometry presented itself in the form of the probable distance across a small lake in the Rockies; which a younger scion of the Clan Cameron could conceive no way to solve. Having commandeered the walking-sticks of the party, together with various other (local) raw material, my friend ran a sight or two in what the younger observers at least thought to be totally irrelevant directions; and presently announced a (tentative) result. Rendered diffident by past experience, I ventured timidly to suggest that trig was rather an unusual subject in a theological curriculum. It appeared that he had once won some scholarship or other for a paper or papers in this department; into which contest he had only entered in the hope of being enabled thereby to keep the wolf from the academic door for a season. This timely triumph had made it possible for him to lie down for a further space in the green pastures of German philosophy.

### In the Pulpit

For he reached his present vocation—in part—by way of the pulpit, in which he is at times to be heard even yet. Without telling any tales out of school, it has sometimes occurred to me that my friend—like many another of us—must be verging dangerously close upon that time of life which—in fiction—produces the frostily-austere, dictatorial, scholarly-obscurantist, pontifically-minded "auld meenister" of the Kailyard School. I am unequal to the task of visualizing Cameron as ever developing into one of these, though he dwelt in the same Highland parish all his days. It seems much easier to believe, even among that malignant class of men, were human.

I don't think anyone ever took him to task for any failure in that respect; they may have done so for the exercise of the unconventional virtues. He is an alumnus of Edinburgh University; and has held charges in his native land. He has also held at least two in England; and in almost as diametrically different surroundings as could be imagined—in Dorset, and in the heart of Manchester! I think that in those days he was what he is now; in the very best sense of the Apostle's phrase—that is to say, in Paul's own sense—he was "all things to all men." Cameron is one of those who can be, precisely as Paul could. It requires a citizen of the world to do this; in many cases, it is merely tragical how utterly desire doth outrun performance. The phrase would have been a mere futility in Peter's mouth.

Even then, I like to imagine that he was the librarian in esse. He told me a tale, apropos of a very similar predicament of our own, of how a certain member of the Faculty of Manchester University was bogged beyond all hope for the documentary evidence for some episode which he knew well enough had occurred; but which simply could not be thrown at the head of a critical public in this naked form, like a vagrant "without visible means of support." He came to Cameron in his despair. My friend did not say so; but to those familiar with such problems it seems self-evident that he must have had a bibliographic reputation of sorts even then, as a very pressing help in time of trouble. After futile exploration of Sir James Frazer's "Golden Bough," in some twelve or fifteen

volumes, Cameron tackled the huge Latin folios of Mommsen's "Monumenta Historiae Romana" (and if that is not the correct title, the real one will in all probability be even worse), in, I dare not say how many tomes. With a sheet of paper the width of one of the (double) columns, to shut out anything which might divert his attention from the straight and narrow way, Cameron never an "ivory-tower" (even in Shakespeare's time a pariah-race), slid down page after page, volume after volume; until after many moons, his aching but sleepless eye lit upon the magic word (I believe it was "Assemanus"; a manuscript-hunting monk of the seventeenth century), and he had found what he wanted!

One might very pardonably suppose that the cool cloisters of the John Rylands Library and similar temples would call so lovingly for such a devotee, that the music of the wide open spaces would fall upon deaf ears. It is characteristic of the man that although the older lands were beginning to lose their charm, despite the leisure and deep-rooted culture so congenial to certain moods of his soul, his desire to see more of the world was not for a mere transference of the ancient ease to softer skies than those of Britain. On a certain occasion the Presbyterian Church in Singapore required a new minister; and—what is perhaps less usual—acknowledged the fact by advertisement. Moved by a sudden impulse, Cameron responded; and was invited to meet the London committee in whose hands the appointment lay. Everybody knows what such a post means. A wealthy congregation of mainly congenial fellow Scots; social standing equal to any; generous largesse; a good salary; no slums; and a generally sybaritic existence. With the thing practically in his hands, Cameron said to himself—"What do I want to go to Singapore for?" Another man went.

### A Man's Man

But the call of the outlands would not be denied. And when he did go, it was to a struggling little charge on the edge of the Mormon country in Southern Alberta. For a man whom one is not afraid to term almost a born librarian, he dug out from some mysterious reservoir of the spirit the qualities of a born pioneer. I think his influence and appeal, and his ready receptiveness to the response which these evoked among all sorts and conditions of men, lay at all times in him being very much "a man's man." Somewhat as with the Manchester professor aforementioned, it is unnecessary to be told everything in so many words; half a telephone

conversation will very frequently reveal much of the other half. Some things cannot happen to men who do not possess certain qualifications. In Cameron's reminiscences—as from one old-timer to another—there is a complete absence of that hot-house pietism which may work miracles among our literary Sky Pilots and their amazing clientele; but which is so pathetically futile among real men of flesh and blood. My friend's tales of that era are principally humorous; but every old-timer knows that the most humorous situations in retrospect are precisely those which have least humor about them in action. Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thoughts. We have exchanged yarns of experiences, and roared over them in concert, which at the time were utter, unmitigated wretchedness. But he manifestly enjoyed the life. I am pretty certain also, from some of his tales, that more than one self-satisfied jockey discovered that the "Presbyterian preacher" had the better horse and the better skill of the two; like that vain man who strove without success to shake off John Wesley, near Newport Pagnell, on that fine May morning in 1742.

It was inevitable in the first Great War that such a man should go to the Front; and he went as a combatant. I have heard that it was much the same there. Although he would be the last man on earth to play the Pharisee, there were certain things—as there are with any decent man—that Cameron could not do. Long afterward, he heard of men who either left something undone; or if done, despised themselves for doing it, or ultimately fought their way out—because "Cameron didn't." He doesn't say much about this kind of thing; but those of us who know the man can fill it in. But I have heard him recount with boyish glee, how when some weaker brother had fallen into error, where sympathy and help rather than the black cap were the need of the moment; how by the almost fiendish adroitness and fertility of resource he had so contrived affairs that even the rhadamantaine gods of the War Office could find no matter for condemnation. I think he is of those who would forgive nigh unto seventy times seven.

All these varied growths have ripened into the Librarian of Alberta University; guide, philosopher, and friend, from the greatest even unto the least. He fills the hungry with good things, and the rich are not sent empty away. Sometimes, as of yore at Manchester, one of the Faculty cannot get hold of the book he wants. Again it may be a student with a real problem of research—who suddenly discovers some heartening things about the Librarian, if he never knew them before. And yet another, who fondly imagines that a citation of the titles of some fifteen or twenty hackneyed

textbooks at the conclusion of his paper has pushed "original research" to a degree hitherto undreamed in human thought; and who needs to be firmly—but kindly—put in his place.

He is one of those divine souls who reserve agreement for the solid matters of conviction; concerning the topics of the moment he holds that only by genial contention can knowledge advance. "Slogans" meet with scant courtesy and short shrift from him. In that class of mass-manifestations and "movements" which might roughly be defined as being of the sloganesque order, Cameron is usually to be found among the dubious minority; and as a President of the University—he has worked with them all—once said, in substance: "Somehow, Cameron generally turns out to be right."

To the genuine seeker after knowledge, in whatever walk of life, he is always open and ready. I recollect an instance of one such; a man totally without academic commendations of any character (who told me himself that he had commenced work before reaching eleven years of age), and actually then earning his living in the "black squad" as a railroad man. This man, having exhausted the other public and institutional libraries of the city on the particular subject in which he was interested, came to the University Librarian (a total stranger) to inquire whether the treasures in his charge were reserved solely for the elect, or were accessible to the Gentiles in the outer courts. Cameron almost literally fell on his neck; and the two men have been firm friends ever since. I wonder how many, within the University and without, could tell similar tales of help and guidance.

One has heard and read of other universities and similar large-scale institutions, wherein among considerable bodies of men exercising broadly the same type of relative influence, some one or two seemed to capture the imagination above all others. Cameron's position undoubtedly makes for a wide extent of contacts not always possible to faculty members in more sectionalized departments; but this does not seem to explain everything. And more than any other one man, I believe that Cameron, to hosts as he does to the writer, typifies the soul of the University.

PAPYRIUS CURSOR.

Worry: Interest we pay on trouble before it is due.

Prejudice: Being down on anything you are not up to.

Tolerance: The ability to laugh when someone steps on your mental corns.

Authority: That which makes some men grow, while it makes others swell.

Perseverance: Ability to stick to a job you are not stuck on.

## CANADIAN CAMPUS

We always imagined Western as a liberal, Joe-College sort of college. Now we know. Last week plaintive reports were issued by its ground superintendent. We quote: "Vandalism resulting from nightly wood-pitches has reached new peak of destruction." It seems that persons motoring along University Drive in the evening are occasionally distracted by something, and have gone off the road to knock down several young trees almost impossible of replacement. This year, damage caused by romantic couples reached one thousand dollars, from torn campus lawns, damaged trees. Wall-eyed the super: "The larger trees which could injure a car have been carefully avoided."

From now on, Western lovers will risk being caught in the act by campus police patrols.

A former editor of the McGill Daily recently publicized his Alma Mater by making it the scene of a novel written for a national news weekly supplement. The plot woven about the campus involved secret research, a Latin-American spy, New York gangsters and the R. C. M. P. In between, he pictured student life at dances, coke dates and beer pushing. As the Mounties won the fight, two college couples paired off for life. One of his heroines was a New York red-head we remember very well—oh, boy!

A C.C.F. member of the British Columbia Legislature created a furor by advocating the abolition of college fraternities as "un-British, undemocratic institutions." The luckless politician was obviously poorly informed, will receive a suitable answer in the storm of criticism which has broken. For instance, few know that the entire co-ed war service program at U.B.C. has been carried out by girls' fraternities through the unwillingness of others to help out. The C.C.F. also cannot have heard of the National Fraternity Ball, proceeds of which will go to the Canadian Red Cross Society. Incidentally, for those who know little about the plans for the ball, the idea is that inter-fraternity councils should sponsor a huge dance, which would take place simultaneously on every Canadian campus.

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## THEATRE DIRECTORY

PRINCESS—Sat., Mon., Tues., Dec. 21, 23, 24—George Brent in "Man Who Talked Too Much," and Wayne Morris in "Gambling On the High Seas."

STRAND—Fri. and Sat. (two days only), Dec. 20, 21—Jackie Cooper in "Gallant Sons."

EMPRESS—Sat., Mon., Tues., Dec. 21, 23, 24—Errol Flynn in "The Dawn Patrol," and Lane Sisters in "Four Daughters."

CAPITOL—Dec. 21—"Dispatch From Reuters"; Xmas Day—"Little Nellie Kelly." The Ideal Xmas Gift—Capitol Theatre Tickets.

RIALTO—Double feature, Dec. 18, 19, 20—"Alexander's Ragtime Band," with Tyrone Power, Alice Faye and Don Ameche; "Wagons Westward," with Chester Morris and Anita Louise.

VARSCONA—Mon., Tues., Dec. 16, 17—"Those Were the Days," William Holden and Bonita Granville; "The Cat and the Canary," Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 18, 19—"Swanee River," Andrea Leeds and Don Ameche; "Parole Fixer," with Virginia Dale and Lyle Talbot; Fri. and Sat., Dec. 20, 21—"Buck Benny Rides Again," starring Jack Benny; "The Farmer's Daughter," with Martha Raye and Charles Ruggles.

GARNEAU—Dec. 16, 18—"When Tomorrow Comes," with Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer; "The Girl Was Young"; Dec. 19, 21—"The 39 Steps," starring Robert Donat; "Blondie Brings Up Baby"; "London Can Take It," added feature.



## Kitty Korner

By SECORD JACKSON

The U.B.C. Engineers are at it again. Kicking and fussing and fuming and trying very hard to wipe the latest of ladies' fashions from the campus. They object to the knee sock! (Me too.) If a girl has nice legs, they claim she should not hide them. If she hasn't, she shouldn't make them any worse.

Anyone from Varsity might have been shocked, or at least startled, last week had they walked by the Metropolitan window. A picture there was, a great, big, large, immense photograph of one of our college boys. Nice photo, too. Nice gal that took it, too. Lots of nice gals in the Met. Didn't cost you a cent either, did it, Earl?

Said the astonished and rather disgusted looking co-ed to the unfortunate student who had just sat down rather heavily on a sheet of ice on 88th: "Oh, Jack! Don't tell me you have been drinking at this time of the day?"

Jack modestly denied the accusation, saying: "I am not drunk. It's just that the sleets are strippery, and my feet ar fittery." And he picked himself up carefully and slowly walked away. I mean he limped.

D'you know what Gramma said when her wool got all tangled up? "Comes the Revelation!"

Ouch!

The Students' Aid of Vassar is publishing a booklet of advice for girls on house-party dates. The title: "What Every Young Lady Should No."—Magazine Digest.

"You have asked me what I have done for the women of Germany. . . My answer is that in my new army I have provided the finest fathers of children in the world today."—Adolph Hitler.

In Thompson & Dynes' we saw some little after-ski boots that look like a cross between cooie-slippers and bed socks, in green embroidered velvet, with a cosy jacketed match. The outfit reminds one of a nice hot cup of cocoa (or something) and a blazing fire, and a cosy couch, and things.

In Krege's the windows are full of jaunty white leather snow boots like our Saskatchewan friends wore last year.

And still on the subject of boots—did you see the ones in the Walk-Rite, all covered with bright flowers and stuff?

Little Tuck seems to be built for hand-holders. Don't you think, eh, Ed?

An unexpected visitor appeared at the door of the Lower Wauneta lately. He was looking for the post office. Couldn't have been a Freshman. He, even he, would have known by now.

Kibitzing seems to be the rule or the practice at some of the other universities across Canada. Canadian Campus, written last week from New Brunswick, was almost exactly like the one from Alberta the week before, written by Jack Parks. A beautiful piece of literature. Congratulations, New Brunswick, for your efforts.

The Quill, from Brandon, Manitoba, has printed features from The Gateway, but a reader of that paper would never know that they were from The Gateway. Oh, happy daze.

The following is an ad which appeared in the columns of the Journal for several days: "Rooms Wanted—Discreet Male University Student, age 24, gifted with almost human intelligence, wants room and board in private home near University. Been brought up not to leave rings around bathtub, etc. Can give reference. Box 643, Journal."

Hmm! Could be!

J. B. takes a sandwich from the dish handed him, opens it, and finds no meat within. Hands it back to the waiter, saying: "Shuffle them again. I got the joker."

Women were crazy even back in 1916. From a Gateway of that year comes the story of a Freshette at the University of Washington recently swam across Puget Sound on a wager of a 101 lb. box of candy.

And those bathing suits they wore back then, too!

## WHAT ABOUT THE PEACE?

By Leslie Drayton

Since the breakdown of the League of Nations has become apparent, there have been numerous proposals and plans for other forms of international government, sometimes for a part of the world, sometimes for the whole. The more idealistic of these plans offer a grand objective to the true world citizen. The more realistic offer practical stepping-stones to this ideal.

About a century ago there arose in Persia another of the great religious self-named prophets of the middle east. He set himself forth as a new Zoroaster, a new Moses, a new Mohammed, but greater than any of them. He was a prophet of a new religion, which he went about the country preaching. In the end he was imprisoned, and died in jail. But his disciples carried on his beliefs and spread them. Finally, one of them, Ahmed Mirza Sohrab, came to America and founded the New History Society.

The New History Society seeks to bring about the fusion of all the religions of the world into one, the Bahai beliefs, which is supposed to fuse the best elements of them all. They seek the establishment of a universal language, but are not greatly concerned over which language shall be adopted. They would build up understanding between all nations and races, until the Universal Brotherhood, which Christ taught, would exist. If their ideals were attained the Brotherhood of Man would be the practised way of life rather than the ideal of dreamers.

However, unfortunately, they have little to offer in a practical line as to how their ideals may be attained. They preach absolute war resistance. More practical are their efforts to establish contacts of a friendly nature between members of the different races, particularly among school children. They seem to depend primarily on the possibility of generating a religious revival that will break down the artificial barriers that divide men today.

On the realistic side, we have the plans of the Federal Unionists. These seem to offer a very practical basis for joining at least a few nations into a supernational state. If their plan were carried out the organization formed would be inferior to the League of Nations in that it would not be universal, but it would be decidedly superior in that it would be sovereign over its members. The plan is that the fifteen countries that have well established democratic institutions unite to form one Federal nation. Power would be apportioned between the Federal authority and the governments of the member states along similar lines as is now done in such Federal nations as Canada and the United States, the fundamental principle being that matters pertaining to the interests of the Union as a whole would be under the jurisdiction of the central authority.

The advocates of Federal Union have drafted a suggested constitution for the union apportioning representation in a bicameral legislature along very similar lines as are used in the United States. Each country would be represented with two members in the upper chamber for every 25 million of population or

major portion thereof, provided that each country shall have at least two representatives. In the lower chamber each country would be represented with one member per million of population or major portion thereof. Members of both chambers would be elected by popular vote.

It is not proposed to admit non-democratic countries to the union, because the undemocratic nature of these countries would render them misfits in the union. Further, it is likely that to form a Federal Union a certain homogeneity of institutions in the uniting nations would be essential. This homogeneity does exist through the democracies. They all have approximately the same social, religious, economic and political institutions. The divergence in plane of culture is small. They are interlocked in trade relations. They have a long history of friendly relations to each other. Thus the fifteen democracies, i.e., Great Britain, France, the U.S.A., the British Dominions, the Scandinavian countries, the low countries, and Switzerland, would be an ideal basis to build the Federal Union from.

Of course, they might not all be willing to join at first, but if several of them joined, the others would probably come in as the Union became established. In any case, the absence of some of the smaller nations would not impair the effectiveness of the Union to a great extent. Admission should be rendered available to any country that becomes thoroughly democratic in its institutions and willing to join.

This is probably the most practical plan yet evolved for international government. While much of the world would be originally excluded from the Union, it is probable that it would be impossible to admit a larger group of nations and secure with it any real surrender of sovereignty to the central authority, save a grudging surrender made to superior force, which is an unjust and unstable foundation to build our international institutions upon. But that I will discuss at more length in my next article.

### THE PENCIL'S STORY

I am a little pencil, and my name is H and B.  
I lie upon the mantelpiece for everyone to see;  
I'm handled forty times a day, it is a weary life,  
And when my wits are rather dull,  
I'm sharpened with a knife!

I really never am allowed to grow up as I ought,  
I'm getting shorter every day (it's awful to be short),  
And when the knife begins on me  
I ache in every joint,  
I put it in that way because you're sure to see the point.

I am a little pencil, and my name is H and B.  
I lie upon the mantelpiece for everyone to see;  
I'm getting shorter every day, and every day I'm older,  
And when my last few hours have come, they'll put me in a holder!  
—Florence Hoatson.

## New Light on Hogg--Shakespeare Theory--Bacon Only Pseudonym

By Papyrus Cursor

The existence of the inscription which we give below did not become known in England until 1887-88. Its real importance has remain unrecognized until very recently. We give the text, dividing the somewhat obscure (perhaps meant to be uncial) Latin into separate words, in accordance with modern usage. For the benefit of the non-classical reader, we append a literal translation; also an idiomatic rendering into English verse. The inscription reads as follows:

Tomasus, Tomasus, tibissini natus,  
Fugit pernicite, porcum furatus;  
Sed porcum voratus; Tomasus delatus;  
Et plorans per via est fur flagellatus.

The reader will note that in our translation here following, the words in black-face type are of course the literal rendering of the text: "Thomas (bis), of piper born" (i.e., "the son of"), "fled evilly (or, 'wickedly'), having stolen a pig; but the pig was eaten" (i.e., "gorged," or "wolfed"—"devoured"). This quite clearly implies recovery of the pig from the criminal; and is not to be confused in the reader's mind with consumption of pork—if any—by Thomas; ("and) Thomas denounced"; (Lat. delatus. The delators in Imperial Rome were the spies, informers "agents-provocateurs," or "fifth column"; the first one being presumably Trajan's). "And grieving by the way" (i.e., bawling, howling, snuffling, wailing, weeping, etc.) "he was the thief castigated" (i.e., beaten, flogged, flogged, lapped, lathered, licked, tanned, whopped, welched, whaled, whipped, etc.).

The foregoing may be rendered in English thus:

Thomas, the offspring of a piping sire,  
A piglet stole, and fled from vengeance dire.  
The captured pig devoured; the thief denounced.  
Then down the street with howls unceasing trounced.

This inscription has hitherto merely been regarded as probably recording an episode in the early life of Sir Thomas Hogshaw, a knight of Buckinghamshire, c. 1377 (see Notes and Queries, Series 5, vii, p. 232); from the circumstance of a doggerel rhyme on the subject having been found to be still current in that locality. It is believed that Sir Thomas was lord of the manor of Hogshaw, in that county, and also of the neighbouring manor of Hogshton. For precisely similar reasons, it was probably also lord of Hogs Norton in Oxfordshire, and Hogs Thorpe, Lincolnshire. It is of course well attested that exploits of this character were a favourite mediaeval diversion among the younger gentry. This gentleman probably was (and certainly ought to have been) an ancestor of Bacon. Bacon was born in the adjoining county of Hertfordshire, at Saint Albans; and the family connection with Buckinghamshire is clearly proved by the place-name of Beaconsfield, from which Disraeli took his title. This, by the elimination of the intrusive and

superfluous "e" becomes Baconfield. A similarly superfluous "e" has attached itself to Shakespeare (e).

Learned modern criticism has established beyond question the Baconian authorship of the works of "Shakespeare"; not to mention the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, the authorized Version of the English Bible, the Homeric poems, and the "Talmud"; together with such supposedly later productions as "Milton," "Pope," and the "In Memoriam" "Tennyson." Some would also add "Chaucer" to this list; but as we show below, there are critical reasons for believing this to be an error. On the other hand, the name of "Hogg," the reputed "Ettrick Shepherd," is quite clearly a pseudonym for Bacon.

There is a well-known incident in Francis Bacon's earlier career, at a time when he was supposedly studying law in Gray's Inn. We refer to the breaking into Sir Thomas Lucy's park at Charlecote St. Albans, and stealing the knight's pigs; which led to the future playwright having to flee to London and hide himself in an obscure employment about the London theatres in order to escape condign punishment. Bacon undoubtedly alludes to this in his well-known line in "Pericles" (Act i, Scene 1), "Few love to hear the sins they love to act." The episode leads the student of heredity to suspect that pig-stealing may have been an ancestral tendency in the Bacon family. This also indicates the only probable error in the wider implications of the Baconian theory, as suggested above. The so-called "Chaucer" was no doubt not Bacon himself; but his ancestor Sir Thomas Hogshaw, "Chaucer's" contemporary. The allusion to "Pygmalion" in the pseudo-Chaucer is decisive and final. At a time when the absurdist prejudice of the defence for the supposed authorship of the impossible "William Shakespeare" has reared its ill-conditioned head, it seems incredible that the clear revelation in the plays themselves of their Baconian origin—entirely apart from the unanswerable demonstration of the ciphers and other cryptic elucidations—do not receive the recognition they merit from so-called critics. Several, we believe, have never before been noticed.

There is the very little of Bacon's masterpiece, "Ham-let." In another place ("2 Henry VI," Act iii, Scene 1); we find this: "Now, York, or never, steel . . .," which of course should be "steal," York hams were a famous English delicacy. There is an even more pregnant item of evidence. The pseudo-Shakespeare himself characterises the English commonality as "bacon-fed knaves": ("1 Henry IV," Act ii, Scene 2). The complete absence throughout the Plays or Sonnets of any reference to "Shakespeare-fed knaves" is significant and unanswerable. No doubt the phrase in the same passage, which is corruptly printed: "On, bacons, on!" should be—"On, Bacon's son!" The omission of the apostrophe in the neuter possessive pronoun (which is analogous to the above) may be noted elsewhere

## Library Change Objected To

Every morning I have a lecture at 8 a.m. Three days a week I have spare time from 9 to 10. Oh! those restful mornings.

I go into the library and find a seat. I look around the room with satisfaction. Everywhere people are asleep or half asleep. Some have their heads on the tables, others are slumped in their seats, but only the few who had time for that third cup of breakfast coffee cannot sleep.

I open a book and slump in my seat. In five minutes I too am fast asleep.

At ten minutes before the next lecture I am awakened by the bell. I go out and revive myself with a drink of warm water provided by the generosity of the class of '34. I go to the next lecture completely rested, and mentally wishing the blessings of Allah be showered on the head of he who was responsible for the U. of A. library.

But now there is agitation for an unheard-of change. Now they want a change in the library; they want to ventilate the place; they want to make the atmosphere conducive to Work! And I paid out a five dollar library fee for a quiet seat in which I could sleep.

Am I so wicked that I deserve no rest? Must I become a haggard, exhausted wreck for lack of sleep? I can see a worn shadow of myself crawling along the corridors of the U. of A. within a month.

Why, oh why, do they want to do this to me?

In "Shakespeare" ("go to it grandam . . . "King John," Act ii, Scene 1); and is heard in English rustic speech occasionally even yet.

This is clearly an exhortation addressed by the poet to himself, as the son of the Lord Keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon; to continue the great task of producing that literature, the credit for which has been basely filched from him and awarded to other and less notable names.

Shakespeare and Bacon

Look not for ciphers, mysteries, and signs;  
Nor talk of screeds, unearth'd from dusty toms,  
To strip the jackdaw of his peacock plums.

Ponder the lesson of those wondrous lines:

The penetrating wisdom that divines;  
Mark well the magic insight which illumines  
That many-mansion'd house of spacious rooms;  
The wealth drawn forth at will from Nature's mines . . .

Has not the Master made their province clear?—  
The plodding spade . . . the flashing rapier'd wrist . . .

"Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere."

Can any but the dotting sciolist,  
Confuse the lightning vision of the seer  
With labours of the learn'd and atomist!

## SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS

(A Weekly Analysis by)  
MIKE ROWSCOPE

All's Quiet on the Medical Front—exams! With this noble introduction we make our contribution to the last Gateway of 1940—the exit. What have we to report? In 1940 the Medicals awoke to the opportunities offered by organization; they have learned with satisfaction, through the activities of the Medical Undergraduate Society, that the law of Mass Action is not only applicable to salts in solution, but to students in a faculty. A state of equilibrium has now been reached whereby effort has been geared to quality of undertaking.

The Meds, by taking part in the war effort on the campus, have signified that demanding though their studies (and women) may be, they realize the responsibility with which they may in future be entrusted—making this year a step forward in the process of maturation.

Medicals have decided to take part in, and have been entrusted with some of the duties of student government and associated activities. May the powers that be, bless them with crowning success.

## Christmas 1940!

Somewhere in Galilee in the time of the Emperor Augustus, into a humble family, a child was born—and the world has been different ever since!

Christmas is a child's festival. Its spirit is manifested in the story of Santa Claus. St. Nicholas was a real person, a bishop of Myra, who lived in the third century—a man filled with the love of God and his fellow men, and, like Jesus, a friend of children. Embodied in this lovely old Christmas story is the idea that it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive. It implies also the joy of anonymous giving—the giver who comes in the night and in silence. And it implies modesty and self-forgetfulness—the benefactor who hurries away without waiting for thanks or praise.

To forget our own pleasure or praise in helping someone else to be happy releases a power within us that glorifies life. It gives us a song in our hearts. In our quest for the satisfying life we find our happiness not in being served, but in serving—even to the point of laying down life itself. Nothing worth-while was ever achieved without sacrifice. It is becoming increasingly obvious that tremendous sacrifice will be necessary on our part if a permanent peace is to be attained. We must be prepared for that sacrifice.

"Peace on earth . . . to men of goodwill." What a mockery of this present generation. The message of the angels presents a greater chal-

It has been announced that the Medical Undergraduate Society is to undertake the publishing of a journal, to be published under the direction of Dr. M. Cantor (Biochemistry), and to represent the efforts of students interested in medical and allied subjects.

This is indeed a mighty task for a medical school operating under the handicap presented by virtual isolation from the main centres of investigational activity. But it seems to speak for the necessity of providing more opportunity to those who wish to build. Every step forward in this manner is made at the expense of a step backward, and seems to offer proof for the suggestion that steady effort has an accumulative result.

At present, there are many arguments against the initiation of such an attempt, but the executive evidently feels that the moment is opportune. To say the least, a bi-annual or annual journal of the Medical Undergraduate Society at Alberta will help to crystallize the enthusiasm of many undergraduates. In this regard, the University Law Club can be referred to as an example of high standard in such a field.

And so we call a halt to the analysis of Signs and Symptoms for 1940. Much has happened on this campus since that day in October when we students reported for examination. There have been affairs, meetings, lectures, arguments and criticism. Dressings-down and callings-up have led many to protest against our general attitude and activity—but the sum total has been a fair achievement. Let us make 1941 a year of greater effort towards that still higher goal of understanding; a year which, in retrospect, can be said to have been the turning point in the standard set at Alberta.

lenge today than ever before. Jesus' way of life, although seemingly rejected on all hands today, seems still to afford the only ray of hope in "this present evil world." In his way of life lies the only ultimate solution of the world's problems. Even after the war is over, we shall still be faced with the problem of establishing a just peace—a peace based, not on the spirit of revenge, but on the Christian spirit of love and brotherhood. Only on this basis can we have a true and lasting peace. Whether we like it or not, the Kingdom can only come by using the methods that he used. In the last analysis we can defend Christianity only by being Christian. So let us not lose hope or faith in his method, however dark the future may look. Let us not forget that Jesus' vision of the Kingdom was simply a gradual development of righteousness—an extension of the Christmas spirit over the whole year.

H. E. LORSBACH.

## Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

## St. Joseph's Cafeteria and Tea Rooms



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The Balcony Tea Room for Club Luncheons and Gatherings



## FLUFFY STUFF ---- by B. J.

Christmas Fluffystuff is fated to be disjunct and probably slightly insane, on account of the "pressure" of our academic activities. And even an "Arts student" (to be said with a smile of derision, a la Meds and Engineers) feels a little pressure at times. Afternoons off are too nice for sleeping (or skiing!) and the Arts library being the most wonderful place in the world to sleep, things are pretty tough sometimes. Especially in the mornings when we rush across the campus, cold and half asleep. Seems foolish when people say "Good morning" cheerfully when the street lights are still on and the moon still yellow in the sky. Funny how "bleak" (to use a word much overworked in some circles!) the moon looks at eight o'clock in the morning. They say that needing a lot of sleep, and being sleepy half the time, is a sign of being young. If that is the case, some of us are to young to even be at U. of A. How do you stay awake through eight o'clock lectures?

This is s'posed to be a Christmas Fluffystuff, but it's hard to say much that hasn't been said about a million times before. When we stop to consider all the things that have been written about Christmas, we wonder why someone hasn't run out before now. There is the religious angle; the help-the-poor angle; the "I wanna see Santa Claus" children's angle; the big business 11-shopping-days-left angle; the Xmas exam angle (sacred to all school children from kindergarten to U. of A.); and many others, among which we could mention one, probably the most prevalent of all—the "Christmas comes but once a year, let's go on a party" angle.

In line with our last remarks, here is a tip to all the fellows for the Christmas holidays:

"He is not drunk who from the floor  
Can rise again and drink some more";  
But he is drunk who prostrate lies,  
Who cannot drink and cannot rise."

Well, to get just a little bit serious at last, here are a few things that would be lovely to have given to us, you, me, by her or him for Christmas. Mitts called "Totsuff Mitts", red leather on the palms, white bunnyfur backs. You can get them overtown. Or ankle socks with an embroidered monogram on the cuff. Or how about some of those melt in your mouth "parka slippers", just a sole covered with the softest white fur. Lovely to put your bare feet into. If you're lazy about wrapping things up (tissue paper is the damndest stuff to keep whole!), you can buy beautiful hand-embroidered linen handkerchiefs all in an envelope all ready to just put the name on. A housecoat or a new white ski jacket, or a dozen pairs of chiffon stockings, or about a gallon of that perfume that makes you feel happy (even if all your feminine friends shriek, "Why do you use that stuff?", every time you come into the room) wouldn't be had either, would they? And a wonderful invitation for New Year's Eve, with two or three green orchids to wear would just about

top the whole thing off. Oh, well!

Well, kids, don't eat too much, drink too much, play too much, dance too much, or anything else too much over the holidays. Remember, your books will be waiting when you get back. Horrible thought for just before the holidays, but it won't make much difference to any of us anyway. The horrible thought, I mean. And, oh yes—a parting shot for you Calgary girls—"Be careful of that Air Force!"

Finally:  
The Last Word on Christmas  
Merry Christmas, sweet lady, with license unmatched,  
We found the bargain you finally snatched.

Merry Christmas, dull cousin, our uncle and aunt,  
Whose goose we might cook, but certainly shant.  
And the corner policeman who raves and who shouts  
Like a brass-buttoned demon as traffic he routes.  
Merry Christmas, our rival, thou cutie in red,  
With one punch too many that's gone to your head.  
To every male oyster with nary a pearl,  
Be he pauper or princeling, grand duke or earl.  
And to you, dear, and you, and a lusty lot more,  
Who wonder at Christmas, what Christmas is for—  
It's for wishing like fury for only the best  
(For the crushing bores along with the rest).  
It's for hoping and praying next year will be  
A happier chapter in history.

P.S.—If you want to try a new perfume, go and take yourself a whiff of Lenthier's "Pink Party." It will put you definitely in that Christmas Spirit mood.

Good hunting!  
THE ENGINEERS' TABLE  
(Varsity Library)  
It's litter'd with papers both crumpled and straight,  
And text-books and slide-rules galore;  
While seated around it—ah! I hesitate  
To tell you the names of the four.  
We sit at our table and can't choose but hear  
The din from the table next door;  
We're used to it now for we hear it all year—  
That noise from the Engineers four.

We try for a moment to get something done—  
But look! There are no longer four!  
Good-bye to our work! Hasn't someone a gun?  
They've entered!—two Engineers more!  
Thank goodness, the table can sit only hold!  
For if it could hold any more,  
The other poor occupants, suffering untold,  
Would all make a rush for the door!

C.A.B. '40.

## MID-MORNING STRETCH



Between lecture periods and labs, the Arts Rotunda caught above in a candid shot by a Gateway photographer is a favorite gathering place of students. Daily large throngs exchange the latest gossip, make dates or gather just to see what is going on.

## The Books They Write

### A Review of "The Nazarine"

By James S. Woods

"The Nazarene," by Sholem Asch, is the ideal book with which to usher in a new column dealing with books and authors. The initial review of this series coming as it does during the Christmas season, makes such a book fit into the season especially well.

Sholem Asch, a Polish Jew, may not, on first thought, be considered the best person to deal with the life of Christ. However, if one looks deeply into the matter and studies Asch's background, this opinion would be changed. Sholem Asch is one of the best modern novelists who is seeking the answer to a question which must be asked and answered in terms of faith, not words. In his latest book he makes great strides towards a solution by presenting an entirely new conception of the Story of Christ.

Bizarre as is the setting of "The Nazarene," one cannot help but be enthralled by the magnificent story unfolded about the Son of Man. Asch's treatment is by no means flawless, but his facts are remarkably accurate and show a great deal of research. The story opens with a young Jewish scholar visiting the eccentric and learned Pan Viadomski in answer to an advertisement for someone versed in ancient Hebrew Literature. Viadomski is obsessed with the idea that he is the Roman Lieutenant Cornelius, Ciliarch of the Cohorts stationed at the Temple of Jerusalem in the time of Pontius Pilate. Gradually we come to realize that he is the Ciliarch and not Pan Viadomski and that the time is that of Pontius Pilate and not the present. The translation is so cleverly done that we find ourselves in Jerusalem before we realize what has happened.

The opening part of the story, as I have outlined it, may prove disappointing, and it definitely does prove perplexing. Nevertheless, once the transition is established, Asch's task is greatly simplified. The tale leads us gently but firmly through the long, tortuous trials of the Jew,

with its buildings, ancient and modern, its libraries, its colleges with their famous quadrangles, and its lore and traditions. The college gates close at nine o'clock, but can be opened for later-comers until midnight. The college walls can be scaled only once—unless the culprit escapes apprehension the second time, for the penalty for the second offense is expulsion. As a newcomer at Oxford, Mr. Garrett was impressed with the different atmosphere and the totally different organization as contrasted with our own University. The emphasis at Oxford is laid upon personal initiative. He also compared the interest and participation of Oxford students in politics with the apathy of Canadian students toward such matters in this country.

Of late years the establishment by Lord Nuffield of his Morris Motor car plant in Oxford has tended to industrialise the city, with a resulting sharp contrast between the hurry and liveliness of the new order and the peacefulness of the old seat of learning.

He made numerous visits to the Continent during his three years in England, and remembers them chiefly in relation to the numerous world-shaking crises which were then being provoked by Hitler with such distressing regularity. His first visit was as a member of the Oxford University hockey team, when they played various European teams during the Christmas vacation in 1937. In the following year he was in Czechoslovakia during the crisis in that country, and in 1939 he was in France at the time war was declared. However, in spite of the war and the difficulties caused by it, he completed his studies and was awarded his degree in English Language and Literature this year.

And so he returns home, to the University from whence he started three years ago, carrying with him an imperishable memory of England, and more particularly of Oxford, and the old order which ended with the declaration of war. The regretful thought persists that perhaps never again will they be the same.

## Looking Around Corners

F. Meston

John Garrett, Rhodes Scholar

In this, the second of a series of articles dealing with new personalities on the University staff, we wish to introduce Mr. J. C. Garrett, lecturer in the English Department.

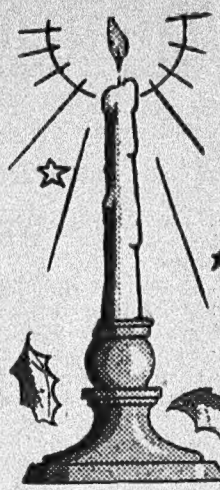
In the Dominions the Rhodes Scholarship stands as a mark of high scholastic achievement, and so it is always a pleasure to welcome the return of a native son who has won this honor and completed his studies at Oxford. Some there are to whom Mr. Garrett needs no introduction, having been so recently a student at Alberta himself, but so quickly does the student body of a university change that there are many who are not familiar with his name.

A native of Strathmore, Jack, as he was familiarly known to his classmates, registered at Varsity in the fall of 1931, and in due course became a member of the Dramatic Society, the Debating Society, and the History Club. It was the latter in which he was most particularly interested. In the line of athletics, tennis was the only sport in which he participated actively, and here he claims that he never managed to get beyond the semi-finals. During a pleasant interview, it developed that at one time he was a feature editor of The Gateway and so, in his own words, "he knew what your reporter was up to."

As a break from Varsity life, he was called to Mount Royal College in Calgary around Christmas of 1933 to lecture in English during the illness of the regular instructor. Returning to his studies in the fall of 1934, he received his B.A. degree in 1936, and completed his Master's in the following year. It was during this year that he was awarded the Rhodes Scholarship, and so he left for England to continue study at Merton College, Oxford, under the tutelage of Mr. Edmund Blunden, well-known modern English poet and author.

Thus one period of his life was ended, and another commenced, this time in a strange University, and in a strange country with ways and outlook so different from our own.

Mr. Garrett painted for your reporter a vivid picture of Oxford,



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## Our Battle - - By Francis Owen

It is very tempting at this season of the year to ask not: "Watchman, what of the night?" but "Watchman, what of the dawn?" Without yielding to a feeling of undue optimism, what justification is there for thinking of the dawn?

We all remember those secret fears which we experienced last June, fears which we did not publicly admit, and which we even in quiet seclusion were ashamed to entertain. We knew we had entered the war very badly prepared from a military point of view. After the unexpected collapse of France, the question was: could we hold out until we had repaired the military deficiencies? We had plenty of butter, but could we turn the butter into guns? Or were we willing to make the necessary sacrifices to do so?

In spite of all possible mental resistance the claim of the totalitarian powers to be invincible physically and mentally, to have the most efficient organization in the world, to be all-conquering, did nevertheless have some effect upon our minds. And though we may not have admitted it, our American friends did. That was last June and July. That was the darkest part of the night. What have we learned since that dark hour?

For one thing, we have learned that both Hitler and Mussolini can make serious miscalculations. Mussolini delayed Italian entry into the war until the moment when he thought it was practically over, until the moment when he thought that all he had to do was to pick up his share of the scattered pieces. He misjudged British character and the capacity of the British people of stubborn resistance under adverse conditions. Hitler either did not think that the campaign against the Low Countries and France would be of such dramatic brevity, or, if he counted on this, was not prepared for an immediate invasion of England. Moreover, there is reason to believe from the German propaganda of those days that Hitler did not believe the British Government and people would continue any serious resistance, especially after a few weeks of intensive bombing. If this is correct, both Mussolini and Hitler were wrong, as they now realize.

Hitler has attempted to rectify his mistake in the diplomatic field in his usual manner. But he has had only a partial success. He has succeeded in completing the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis. He has dominated Hungary and Roumania in preparation for a desperate attempt to outflank the British position in Egypt and to gain possession of the oil supplies of the Near East. Why did Bulgaria not join the axis? It is reasonable to assume that Turkish opposition to any German move to the Dardanelles could not be broken down without the use of force. It is also reasonable to assume that Russia finally realized the danger to her own security, and expressed disapproval of the German plan. Above all else, Hitler wishes to avoid a war on two fronts at the same time. In his book he attributes the German failure in 1914-1918 in part to the diplomatic policy which brought about the simultaneous war on two fronts. He may yet decide to take the risk, if he really has any intention of rescuing his Italian ally from what appears to be a "very hot spot".

Mussolini miscalculated again. He misjudged the Greek character and capacity of resistance. Apparently he also misjudged the enthusiasm and the stamina of his own highly-publicized army, navy and air force. The spectacle of the Italian retreat from Greece to Albania and through Albania to the Adriatic can scarcely be pleasing to the Fascist politicians. The precipitate Italian retreat from Egypt accompanied by staggering losses, with the Italian bases along the Libyan coast undergoing violent bombardment by the big guns of the British navy, with the Italian fleet either blockaded or skulking in safe harbors, is one of the most unusual events of modern warfare. Can one possibly imagine the British Navy acting in such a way? It would take centuries to forget such a disgrace. Italian morale is beginning to crack. From the beginning the enthusiasm for the war among the people was artificially engendered. The effect is beginning to be evident.

As the situation appears at the time of writing, Hitler can only assist Mussolini in Albania by launching an attack on Greece through Jugo-Slavia. Against probable Jugo-Slavian resistance this would be a very hazardous under-

taking in the winter time in that particular area. It the spring it may be too late to rescue Mussolini. He may be awaiting trial in an Italian concentration camp. Hitler's attempt to win France as an ally at the expense of Italy has not yet succeeded, nor is there any reason to believe that it will.

In the meantime, our military strength throughout the Commonwealth is steadily increasing. By the middle of the summer the air force will be a much more powerful weapon than it is at present, and from the beginning it has given a good account of itself. The Navy remains, as always, able to do the impossible, or if the impossible can not be done, the spirit is there to go down trying to do it.

Further, the people of the United States now realize at long last what the war is about. They now know there is nothing "phony" about it. As Lord Lothian said a few days before he died, they now know they will not be backing "quitters." American production has not yet reached its maximum, or anything like it, but the indications are that it will do so before the end of the coming year. Hitler professes to be unimpressed, but when he thinks of the implications of the American attitude he probably has as severe a headache as Mussolini is experiencing these days. Otherwise why has he attempted to neutralize the United States by an alliance with Japan? And Japan also is moving very slowly and cautiously. Japan does wish to make the mistake that Italy made.

We shall have plenty of "toil and blood and tears" before it is over. That was the note struck by Churchill when he took office. That note and the shock of adversity and danger acted like a violent tonic. There was a universal response, a stubborn hardening of the mind and body, an inflexible resolve to "carry on" to the end, and a refusal to believe that the end could anything but victory and an infinitely better world when the victory is achieved.

We have passed through the worst of the "ardua"; the "astra" are beginning to shine through the clouds. In the distant east the first rays of the rising sun are tingeing the morning sky.

Per ardua ad astra atque ad solem.  
FRANCIS OWEN,  
University of Alberta.

## BING!

The household is quiet, the people are gone;  
I'm working alone, and the radio's on;  
I sometimes submit to a bored kind of yawn.

New program begins, and a map starts to sing;  
I suddenly listen, and drop everything;  
It's him! I explain. "It's his voice! It is Bing!"

And so from my fingers the ever-sharp drops;  
My mind will not concentrate, so the work stops;  
I rush to the radio, saying "He's tops!"

Ah, listen! His voice is enchanted it seems;  
It lifts one and carries one off into dreams—  
To castles of music, and song, and sunbeams.

It lowers itself to the richest deep bass;  
It lingers; then, rising, it quickens its pace,  
And changes to tenor with ease and with grave.

Then, changing the key and the time, croons on;  
And then the song's ended, and Bing Crosby's gone—  
And there I am, likely to dream until dawn!

C.A.B. '40.

## A VERY SILLY ESSAY

I had to write an essay,  
A very silly essay;  
On a subject out of history,  
A very silly history.  
I looked up all my sources,  
Very silly sources,  
From all the history courses,  
Very silly courses.  
It was finished on its due date,  
A very silly due date.  
I got it back on Tuesday,  
A very silly Tuesday.  
The Prof was grim and stark,  
Very silly—stark.  
I got the lowest mark,  
A very silly mark.  
—VERY!

## SLIDE-RULE SLANTS

Christmas thought—  
Christmas comes but once a year.  
Thank God!  
It only means exams are here.  
One happy thought—  
We can partake of wins instead of beer!

The latest function of the E.S.S. featured another of those bank-up smoker meetings, which are tri-weekly occasions in the society. Following the minutes, a short business discussion evolved, in which the banquet budget was presented. It appears we not only lost the banquet, but 39 cents as well. However, the society doesn't count on making money at such affairs. It was decided to donate the sum of \$25 to the Christmas Fund out of the society's cash reserve.

President Stollery introduced the speaker of evening, Max W. Ball, author of "This Fascinating Oil Business," and President of the Abasand Oil Co. Mr. Ball gave a highly in-

teresting talk, illustrated with slides, on the Development of the McMurray Tar Sands by the Abasand interests. Upon entering the amphitheatre, and finding the boys looking down on him from the heights, Mr. Ball thought it was a very unique experience to have an audience he could look up to. Literally, of course.

The speaker dealt with the geology of the district and probable formation of the sands, the history of their development, the difficulties encountered and overcome, and the actual operation of the plant and the refining of the products.

The boys suddenly found themselves hungry. You know, food is fine for thought, but thought is no substitute for food. Which all goes to prove the second law of Thermodynamics, which says in effect that a reversible process has never been known to occur in Nature. To this end the ravenous palates of the members were satisfied with truckloads of doughnuts, cakes and ice cream. Hundreds of doughnuts, and us with only ten fingers!

But speaking of Thermodynamics leads us to some nonsensical nonsense. Through a stifling haze of partial derivatives in the Chemical Engineers' hideout, our mutual friend and constant problem, John Cyril Patrick Mulligan, alias "Grey Owl" or "3rd Bell Cyril," was heard to mumble something about the Specific Ocean. Now, to a layman this would be a definite sign that the aforementioned lad was probably a fit candidate for a "booby coop." However, to an Engineer, it is not surprising, once in an endeavor to relate the theoretical to the practical, said Engineer is constantly tied up with specific quantities such as specific volumes, specific gravities, specific heats, etc. So why not Specific Ocean?

Now, what would cause Brother Mulligan to think of such things when he is supposedly searching for an increase in entropy? Probably he had his mind far away on some little island in the Specific Ocean, thinking how nice it would be to just lie under a banana tree and wait for the bananas to fall close enough so he wouldn't have to stretch to get one.

That would be all very fine—except for such a character as John Cyril. Upon peeling said banana, that peculiar mind of his would start to tick, and in no time at all he would be figuring out how many B.T.U.'s there were in a pound of bananas. Finding that he had left his sliderule behind, he would be at a loss, and the problem would eventually cause him to lose his mind. And what a loss to science that would be! Indeed, it is a case for a psychologist. Forgive us, Mull.

Plans for the star attraction of the New Year, the Engineers' Ball, got under way when a committee was appointed at the above meeting. This ball will undoubtedly outdo all past successes. Originality and novelty will reign supreme. You girls without Engineer boy friends, better start some fast working.

And speaking of balls, don't forget the Varsity Ball held in Lethbridge on Thursday, December 26. For further particulars read elsewhere in this paper.

To this bureau of information (or misinformation) comes this little story. Disregarding our warning of two weeks ago, and being a bear for punishment, "Blondie" Lawrence and girl returned to the place of spiritual guidance last Sunday night to find one of our fine friends of the "white tie cult", alias a Miner, name of Henning, surnamed Victor, sitting in the back seat of said place, all alone.

It might be that he took me seriously and thought he could profit financially, but we are of the opinion that he wasn't watching the third girl from the left in the choir all night for nothing. And she wasn't exactly staring at the back of the good preacher's head, either. We'd say that Vic was a modern version of a stage-door Johnny. How about it, you Miners?

I guess that ought to hold you for while.

Merry Christmas everyone. Remember not to mix your drinks.

Hors de combat means a war horse.

Farming in the Western States is done by irritating the soil.

—M. S.

## Christmas on a Tramp--Student Describes Gay Yuletide Spirit at Sea

By Alan McDougal

At this time of the year everyone is talking about the Christmas they are going to have or have had, and what other people have had, so we are going to attempt to give the Merchant Marine a bit of the spotlight and describe for you a few highlights in their Christmas.

There wasn't anything about the beginning of the day to mark it as something special. But it was Christmas Day. The only sound board the tramp was the diesel idling coming from the funnel. This silence was perfectly natural at five o'clock in the morning. All but the watch were still asleep in their bunks. On the bridge, the mate had just taken the morning sights. He noted that the ship was just crossing the eighth parallel of latitude, south of the equator, and that a few miles off the starboard bow was the southern tip of Sumatra, and lying off somewhere to port was Christmas Island. There was a light following sea. The rising sun had shown up a cloudless sky, which betokened a hot day. A couple of dolphins came out from landward, rubbed themselves against the steel bow and then frisked landward again.

It was too good to last. By five-thirty the cook and galley boy had begun to toss the pots and pans about the galley. This was to be a very busy day for them. A fast breakfast, a fast cleaning up, and the final preparations to the Christmas dinner.

The steward and the cabin boy carried these sounds of activity into the officers' mess. There were decks scrubbed, tables to be set, dishes to be washed, ports to be polished—all in time for the Christmas dinner.

Seven bells was sounded, and the stand-by went down to the fo'c'sle to rouse the new watch. "Out of it, m'lud. Seven bells. Come along, turn out of that bunk. Merry Christmas."

His comrade forced one eye open and said—Oh, very well, we won't repeat it. Ten minutes later, he thrust his feet over the bunkboard, ramming them down hard on the head of the stand-by, who was kneeling on the deck desperately searching for something in his kit. "What're ye looking for?" said the one, extracting a toe from the other's ear.

"D'ye remember where I put that bottle of stout we got in Fremantle for Christmas?"

"Y'daft —," replied the one, drowsily, as he reached for his dungarees. "We drank that the first night out. Merry Christmas."

The expression "Merry Christmas" was heard more and more now, as all hands began to come to life. The breakfast of bacon and eggs (two eggs this morning) and the inevitable porridge, was hastily dished out from the galley, and not so

hastily devoured in the fo'c'sle. By ten-thirty the necessary chores had been done, and the catering staff was turning their attention to the preparation of the dinner. Some of the officers were polishing up buttons and placing freshly cleaned white shoes and topees on the hatch to dry. Most of the lads just sprawled about under the awnings on the poop, although there were a couple of individuals who stooped so low as to do a bit of dobbing (washing—as of clothes).

The skipper made his rounds, looking very smart in his immaculate whites and braid. Inspection this morning was relatively pleasant. Just a handshake and an exchange of greetings. None of this dirt detection.

From the galley came an ever-strengthening flow of delicious odours. If there had been a school of mermaids in the offing they would probably have yielded to this bait.

There were several geese and as many chickens; lovely, crisp, brown masses; sputtering in the huge roasters. There was a battery of black, iron pots, whose lids jumped excitedly up and down as though inviting you to take a peek at their contents. It would have been suicide, however, as one step in cook's kingdom would have led to your decapitation.

The puddings were undergoing a final steaming, flanked by two pans of thick, yellow custard. On a side-bench, stacks of tarts, mince pies and related objects leaned against each other for support. Cook had magnificently managed to get his pastry down to three-quarters of an inch for this day of days.

At eight bells (noon) the sailors and greasers came to the galley and received their kits, piled high (but not mixed) with chicken, goose, vegetables, gravy, plum duff, pies, jelly, ice cream (quota increased to two tablespoons), and last, but not least, a bottle of Australian ale; which, to insure its keeping for the past eight days, had been securely anchored in the bond locker. The men filed into the mate's cabin, one by one, to splice the main brace, so that within a short time stimulated appetites were scuttling cook's handiwork in remarkable style.

The officers, navigators and engineers moved into the dining saloon. This was one of the rare times when the engineers left their cosy little mess-room to dine with the others. They were often invited, but being engineers (I suppose), they have too great a cynicism to accept. That's the side.

The saloon was decorated as gaily as the present situation allowed. The gadgets, saved from other years, were strung about the deck-head; bells, holly, stars and streamers. The flag of the Line was strung across one bulkhead, while the

Union Jack was stretched across the opposite. The Chief had contributed his share to the scenery by spotting the large mirror with dry soap so as to resemble snow, and by writing across the mirror an appropriate greeting. Everything shone and glistened, from the smallest brass floor plate to the gleam in Sparks' eyes.

The hors d'oeuvres were scoffed off to begin with. I wonder how many tramps ever had hors d'oeuvres—and the glittering assembly stood at their places for a toast to the King and the ship—bless her. Sitting down, they continued the toasts, bringing in many personalities and, what seemed most important, more re-fills.

The dinner commenced without more ado, except that the cabin boy, dressed up as a steward, stepped into the Line flag during his first appearance, bringing the drapes all over himself.

We shall not omit remarking upon the extent of the dinner, but it is worthy of note that there were some twenty items from which they could choose. And they chose.

By two o'clock everyone had well nigh reached the point of complete immobility, so that about eighty per cent of the cast, both fore and aft, were indulging in a peaceful siesta. Unfortunately, cook and company found it necessary to combat the pyramid of dishes which was one of the results of the feast.

In the evening, while the men played "pontoon" in their quarters and listened to a medley of wild Scottish reels from the fiddle of an O.S., the officers met once again to the main salon (in fact, the only salon).

They played cards, listened to the Captain's gramophone—there were plenty of wireless sets aboard—chewed nuts, scattered the residue over the carpet; smoked the skipper's fags, drank the skipper's port and other private stocks, and now and then broke out into some popular song of the day. The mate was particularly fond of one he had picked up in Adelaide.

When more ale was required, one of the senior officers would call "Steward!" and that individual would trot down to the lockers and bring up the required beverage.

By eleven o'clock they were still calling "Steward!" and the songs of the day had given way to shanties—as they should. The Old Man's voice hasn't much quality, but his zeal was excellent; his range of songs remarkable. In a mass chorus were sung "Shenandoah", "Blow the man down", "Rio" (with a long "I"), and others without definite titles. The fellowship and fraternal spirit, so evident among the group, seemed enough to make up for any previous differences of opinion, and next to the ship, they loved each other best. It was a very tired but very happy and contented lot of seamen who turned into their bunks that night.

Can it be that the call of nature proved too strong.

Bag-lunchers have been given the use of the Lower Men's Common Room as a lunch-room. It is also frequently used as a study room when the library is closed or when the latter is filled to capacity.

Of late, however, lively skirmishes between opposing factions have left the room in a horrible mess. Papers, peelings, leftovers, water soaked towels and any handy missiles plaster it from one end to another. Even the lower corridor has not escaped as powerful heaves go astray.

This disgusting mess, apart from being unsanitary, discourages any thought of working there. Since the Upper Common Room is without seating accommodations, students are forced to put up with the sorry situation or hunt elsewhere for a spot to do some work. The janitors have other duties besides cleaning up the lunch-room immediately after lunch time just because a few individuals like to indulge in some very juvenile horseplay.

Consideration for the other fellow might be a good idea. There is a lot of room outside for letting off surplus steam.

Christmas exams may come and students may go, but the true Christmas spirit should remain at all times. To our readers we extend the heartiest of greetings for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Take it away, 1941.

## This N' That

By Marcel Lambert

Hitler isn't the only one changing the map these days.

Herbert R. Jensen, assistant to the dean of student affairs at University of Minnesota, is lately reported to be experimenting with a flexible relief map which he claims will be much cheaper than the cumbersome plaster of Paris maps now in use.

Made of sponge rubber his topographical reproductions will lend themselves to mass production, thus eliminating the expensive hand labor that goes into the making of individual plaster relief maps. The new maps will be approximately 20 times lighter than the old style plaster maps and cheap than paper-mache maps. Nor have they the fragility of these older type maps.

His process includes the making of globes as well as flat relief maps. The flexible globe, he says, is a shell with a bladder that can be blown up like a football, and can be produced with diameters from 2 to 20 feet.

Easy to make, easy to change, easy to handle, says R. Jensen, whose specialty is Visual Education.

From the same University comes news of a strange new type of strike.

A group of students recently picketed their Union Building in protest against a ban by Union executives on dancing in stocking feet. Placards bearing the inscriptions, "Save our

soles," "Why shoes?" and "Unfair to feet," were paraded back and forth by leading luminaries of the student body.

It all started when "sunliters," or afternoon dancers, decided to doff their shoes, as they claimed the crepe soles applied to the Union dance floor impeded pedal progress.

Meanwhile a cold specialist, an orthopedist and a hosiery buyer placed professional taboos on the shoeless dancing. The medico claimed it would lead to lot of colds in winter time. Co-eds because of naturally short heel cords, would especially suffer from backache and footstrain, said the orthopedist. Stocking mortality would go up by leaps and bounds, as dance floor a grit is a very effective abrasive, according to the hosiery specialist.

Wouldn't someone say sumpin' if Saturday-nighters tried it out at the House Dances?

Though Freshmen are supposed to have lost some of their childhood manners by now, two we saw in the Arts rotunda the other morn have gone back to the days of swaddling clothes.

Blissfully oblivious of a huge throng of students taking a welcome mid-morning stretch, there they sat, cross-legged and figuring out on the tiles some mathematical problem. Our spies inform us that they belong to that he-man, chest-thumping class of students for men only.

The Management and Staff of  
**VARSITY TUCK SHOP**  
extend Christmas Greetings to You  
and  
Our Very Best Wishes for 1941



## Burka Confident Most Outstanding Evergreen & Gold

Mac Burka, director of the 1940-41 Year Book, in a statement to The Gateway, announced that steady progress is being made with this season's edition. Final arrangements have been carried out with a firm in Toronto to supply the cover design, which will probably be the most expensive single item of the publication. It involves the use of expensive dies, and there is only one company in Canada equipped to handle this type of work.

The motif is, as usual, a secret until the delivery of the books some time in April. However, from hints which have been picked up here and there and almost anywhere, we believe that the '41 Evergreen and Gold will be wholly as pleasing (and perhaps even more so) as in former years. The staff is working hard to produce a book which will give stiff competition to the other publications of universities across Canada in the yearly fight for first place. Work on the color plates, which will be more plentiful this year, was begun some time ago owing to the time necessary to complete this work.

Perhaps the most entertaining and appealing section of the book is that depicting the intimate life and somewhat embarrassing poses of students about the campus—the pictorial section. This year it has been enlarged, and to supplement this part of the volume, a snapshot contest will be held some time in the new year. Prizes for the winners will consist of free issues of the Year Book or their monetary equivalents. Candid snaps of the professors will be featured for the first time. Just how candid has not yet been revealed.

Students' year book pictures are now being sorted, and layouts made for engraving. Any students who have not yet returned their proofs (such as they are) have been urged to do so without delay.

As in 1940, Senior photos will be accompanied by a short summary of their activities while at Varsity. Information forms are filled out when pictures are taken.

Business Manager Del Foote states that advertising space is selling quite well. However, it is too early to say whether advertising returns will be more or less than in former years.

Any candid shots that might be of interest in the pictorial section should be handed to the Evergreen and Gold executive. They will be accepted with appreciation.

## Band Concert is Planned Soon

An as yet undecided date in February will see the Varsity Band make its debut at a concert to be held in Convocation Hall. The program will consist of marches and waltzes, and to the end that the concert might be a huge success, members have been practicing faithfully all fall. However, the advent of Christmas examinations has necessitated the cancellation of all practices until after the New Year.

Numerous difficulties had to be surmounted at the beginning of the year, before activities could get under way. Negotiations were carried on with the C.O.T.C. last September in an effort to have the band play as a member of the unit. But it was felt that it would be unfair to the large waiting-list of students who were desirous of joining the C.O.T.C. to accept the band members because of their musical attainments solely, and the negotiations came to nothing.

However, the band enjoyed a very successful season during the first term. Their services were secured for the rugby games in the fall, and those students who turned out will remember how they played the Golden Bears on to one victory after another.

Turnouts for practices have been very good, but any new members will be welcome, especially in the bass section. Another drummer, and trombone players, are most urgently needed, and anyone with musical ability along these lines is invited to turn out for practices after the commencement of the second term.

## CKUA Presents Unique Program Aid Xmas Fund

Another session of Varsity Varieties was presented over CKUA on the evening of Friday, Dec. 13, from 7:30 to 8:30. The program, in aid of the Christmas Fund, proved popular with the listeners as the pledges and requests phoned kept operators busy throughout the program. Because of the fact that it was a request program, none of the presentations were rehearsed.

Amounting to about twenty-five dollars, the amounts pledged were phoned in from many parts of the country. The farthest away came from a little town in Saskatchewan and another was phoned in from Calgary. The phone continued to ring long after the program was off the air.

The entertainers who were on the program consisted of Jim Francis, Roger Flumerfelt, Marg Hutton, Gertrude Carlyle, Ted Langridge, Don McCormick, Ralph Weir, Betty Stewart and Fred Pritchard. Thanks to the support given by the fraternity houses, residences and the public at large, the fine program presented by these students augmented the Christmas Fund to the amount of twenty-five dollars. This amount will be turned over to the Christmas Fund as soon as it is collected.

## WORD FROM OVERSEAS



Letters from England were recently received from Jake Jamieson and Ed Langston, both well known to many University students. Details of interesting experiences and life in the Old Country are recalled in these letters appearing elsewhere in The Gateway.

## Wide Variety Sport Played on Alberta Campus; Many Notables

The students of the University of Alberta have proven themselves to be greatly interested in sport—so much so that nearly every type of Canadian sport is played on this campus. There are hockey teams, basketball teams, track teams, swimming teams and many other teams comprised of starry athletes. The majority of actual "stars" are from the ranks of the Juniors, Sophs and Seniors, but we must not forget that once upon a time they were all members of that "hard-fighting" and "sports-minded" class of Freshmen. This article is devoted to a number of Freshmen and Freshettes who we feel have made names for themselves.

In women's sport are such notables as:

**Anna Kapuscinski**—For sheer desire to better oneself in the sports that one is interested in, honorable mention must be given to a Freshette, Miss Anna Kapuscinski. She puts a very determined effort behind every sport she goes in for. In the discus competition this year she rose from an ordinary discus thrower to a possible star, almost overnight. She gained 22 feet in her throws, which everyone will admit is certainly not bad. It is understood that she is also a very promising tennis player. Congratulations to your, Miss Kapuscinski.

**Kay Lind**—An all-around good athlete is in the person of Miss Kay Lind, a Freshette to the U. of A. this year. In the track competition this year she excelled herself, and showed her competitors just how running and jumping should be done by winning all the points. She is also one of the high ranking players on the women's basketball team. **Louise McAulay**—One of the stars in women's basketball. Although the team has not actually had any real test as yet Louise, who is by rights a forward, has shown a keen interest and real ability in the sport.

**Pat Foster**—Who hails from the southern city of Calgary, appears to be one of the steady, all-around good basketball players. A great deal is expected from Pat this year.

**Bunty Sutherland**—A member of the U. of A. women's swimming team. Bunty is an excellent swimmer, and has already gained the approval of the Edmonton fans for her swimming ability.

**Shella Dunn**—Who, like her club-mate, Bunty Sutherland, has already made a name for herself in Edmonton swimming circles, has now brought her swimming strength to the University team, and she is expected to give the team real support.

**Marg Johnstone**—Another member of the aquatic sport who, like her two team-mates previously mentioned, is a valuable asset to the women's swimming team.

Turning now to the Freshmen in sports, we have:

**Bud Foley**—Who will be remembered for years to come as the person who made the most amazing catch for the Golden Bears rugby team this season. Bud, who by the way is of New York Rover hockey fame, is a standout in every sport he indulges in. He certainly held true to form in this year's rugby season. He was a standout in every game the team played, and he scored a touchdown against the University of Saskatchewan Huskies.

**Perren Baker**—Who showed to everyone that he has the making of becoming a fast back. He is a very accurate passer, and played sparkling rugby all season.

**Warwick Blench**—The hard-hitting man from Seena. He made a name for himself in the Edmonton High School rugby classics of the last few years. This year he showed the Varsity fans that he was a real steady pluggier and a hard tackler.

**Hanse Shortliffe**—Although Hanse did not perform in any games with the University basketball team this year, we really feel that he deserves mention among the high ranking sportsmen. Hanse is a basketball player of no small ability. His shooting and all-around good playing is a real treat to watch. Unfortunately, Hanse was the only member on the Golden Bears basketball team that was in the Auxiliary Battalion, and his training period conflicted with the only time the team could practice. Therefore, we find Hanse Shortliffe confining his talent to interfaculty basketball.

**Tom Magee**—A person of that aquatic sport commonly known as swimming. Tom has already made a name for himself among the swimming fans of Edmonton. He has been a member of the West End Swimming Club for many years, and he has brought his knowledge and ability to swim with him to the University swimming team.

**Bonnie Jackson**—Another prominent Edmonton swimmer. He has

## S.C.M. Plans Full Year For 1941

Includes Many New Study Groups

S.C.M. has been cooking up big plans for January—just waiting until Christmas exams and the flu are out of the way. On January 10 they plan the party of the year, to welcome in 1941. As yet the committee hasn't quite decided what theme would be most appropriate, but according to rumors, it's going to be definitely different, with lots of fun and surprises for all.

To give everyone a chance to recuperate, a week-end conference is being held January 11 and 12, on the timely theme, "The Effect of War on Student Life Here and Abroad." This problem, which touches every Varsity student's life, is being dealt with under the leadership of Marg Kinney, the Associate General Secretary of S.C.M.; Watson Thompson, who is just back from London; George Tuttle, former S.C.M. secretary at Queen's; and Mr. and Mrs. Garrett, who are both well known. Mr. Garrett being a Rhodes scholar, and his wife widely travelled in Australia.

On January 16, S.C.M. invites all students to gather into the warmth of its regular fireside for a friendly discussion of Racial Problems in Canada. This meeting is of special importance, as Marg Kinney will be present, and it marks the inauguration of a new program for S.C.M. firesides. They are to be held every two weeks, and to create more widespread interest, a different study group will preside each time and plan the evening's program.

On Sunday, January 19, church service will be held in Convocation Hall under the auspices of S.C.M. The choir will be present to warble its usual harmonious anthem under the able direction of Ottomar Cypris.

## Pharmacy Club Gives Fund Money

One of the most active clubs on the campus, and one club that does not receive a great deal of attention, is the Pharmacy Club. This club goes along each year with a large membership of Pharmacy students, without a great deal of publicity or notice from the other students. Still unheralded and unsung, the "Pharms" gather every now and then for a reunion and get-together.

This year's club was organized early in the year at a meeting in the Arts building. Bill Shelton was elected president, and the club got under way for a big year.

Two supper meetings were held at Big Tuck, and these were followed by two informal dances at that Mecca of Varsity life.

When the proposed Union sponsored bowling leagues were in the first stages of consideration, the club set up seven teams. Since the league did not materialize, the teams fell into a state of what might be called dormancy.

Not to be daunted by this, they got some husky members together and amalgamated with the Dents to stride forth into the world of basketball, challenging all comers.

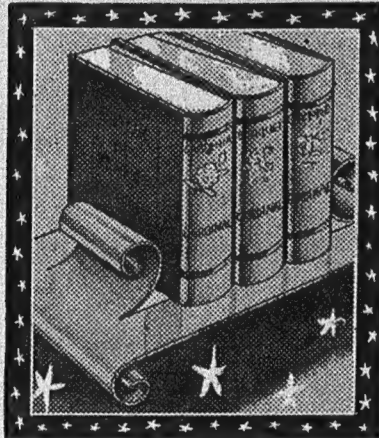
The Christmas effort of the club amounted to an accumulated profit of over \$24, gained by two highly successful raffles of some concoction of their own, guaranteed to cure or kill.

At present the feverish activities of the executive is directed on the Pharmacy Banquet. This is the club's major function, and is scheduled to be held Feb. 1, 1941.

been a member of the East End Swimming Club for some time, and through his interest and ability along aquatic lines, he has captured trophies and records of no small mention. With these athletes as a nucleus, Alberta should be able to build some fine teams for next year.



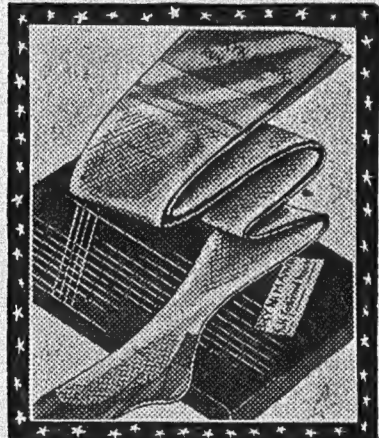
YOUR *Merry Christmas* STORE  
LET'S MAKE EVERYBODY HAPPY



### Gift Books

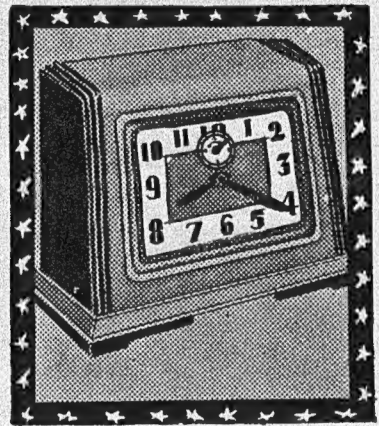
Wide selection of new fiction and non-fiction, featuring such best sellers as—

"Oliver Twist" ..... \$2.25  
"Memory-Hold-the-Door" ..... \$3.75  
"Fame is the Spur" ..... \$2.75  
—Stationery



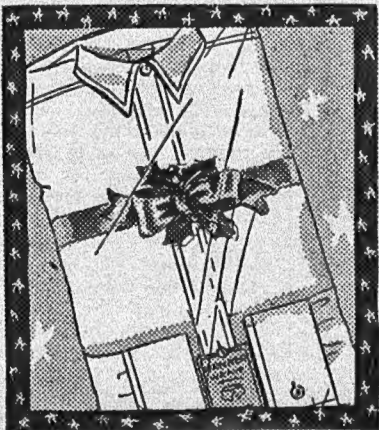
### She'll Love Hosiery

Eyes wide with excitement when you give Orient Hosiery—for it is the one she would choose herself. Gift boxed ready to give, pair ..... \$1.15  
—Hosiery



### Christmas Clocks

Ideal gift for His or Her bedroom. A reliable modern designed time-piece you can really appreciate. "Baby Ben" make. Cream, ivory and black finishes ..... \$3.50  
Luminous Dial ..... \$4.50  
—Clocks



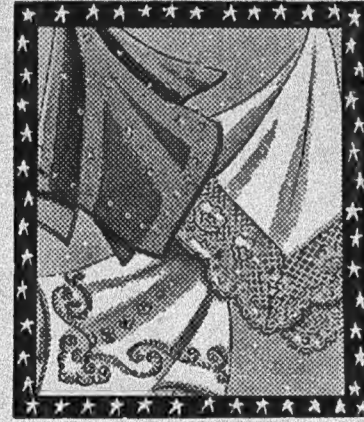
### Give Him a Shirt

No man ever has enough... and the BAY's wide selections should enable you to pick the one he wants. All finest quality ..... \$2.00  
—Men's Wear



### Warm Sweaters

He'll wear it every chance he gets... which will be most of the time. Two-tone styling in colors to suit his type; zipper front. Gift boxed ..... \$4.95  
—Men's Wear



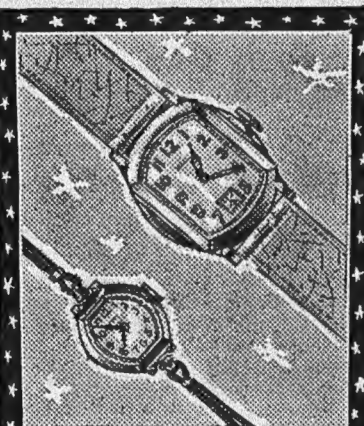
### Fine Hankies

Dainty gifts so appreciated by every woman. Pure linen, hand drawn and embroidered. Boxed ready to give ..... 50c  
—Accessories



### Wool Cardigans

A gift that gives every day she wears it. Soft, warmly knit wools, individually styled; buttons, zippers, embroidery, and all colors. Gift boxed ..... \$2.98  
—Ready-to-Wear



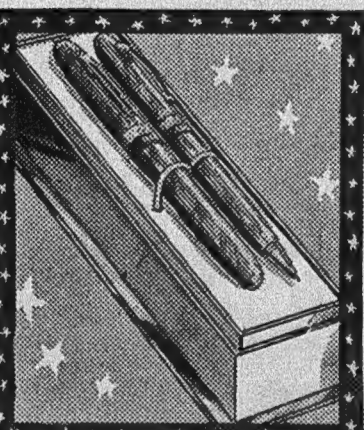
### Gift Watches

A timepiece will thrill on Christmas morning. 17-jewel, in gold or silver finish, with stainless back. Styles for men and women ..... \$24.75  
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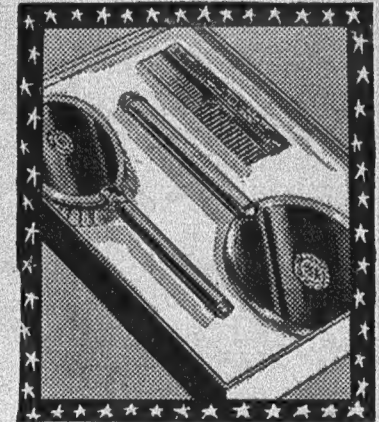
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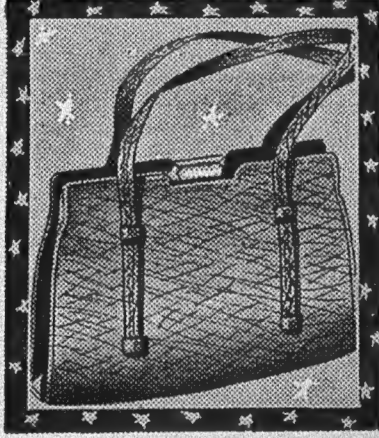
### Pen-Pencil Sets

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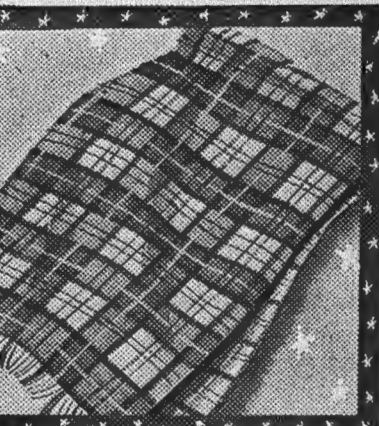
### Dresser Sets

Get in "right" with a gift such as this. Striking designs, bevel mirrors, gold trim, enamel back. 3 pieces, boxed ..... \$4.95  
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### Gift Handbags

Something she can always use. Real calf and Morocco leathers; nicely finished, with change purses, mirrors and zipper compartments. Latest styles and colors ..... \$2.98  
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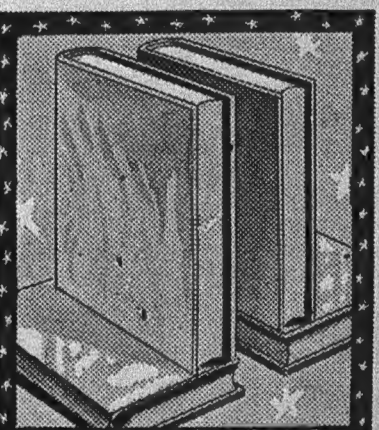
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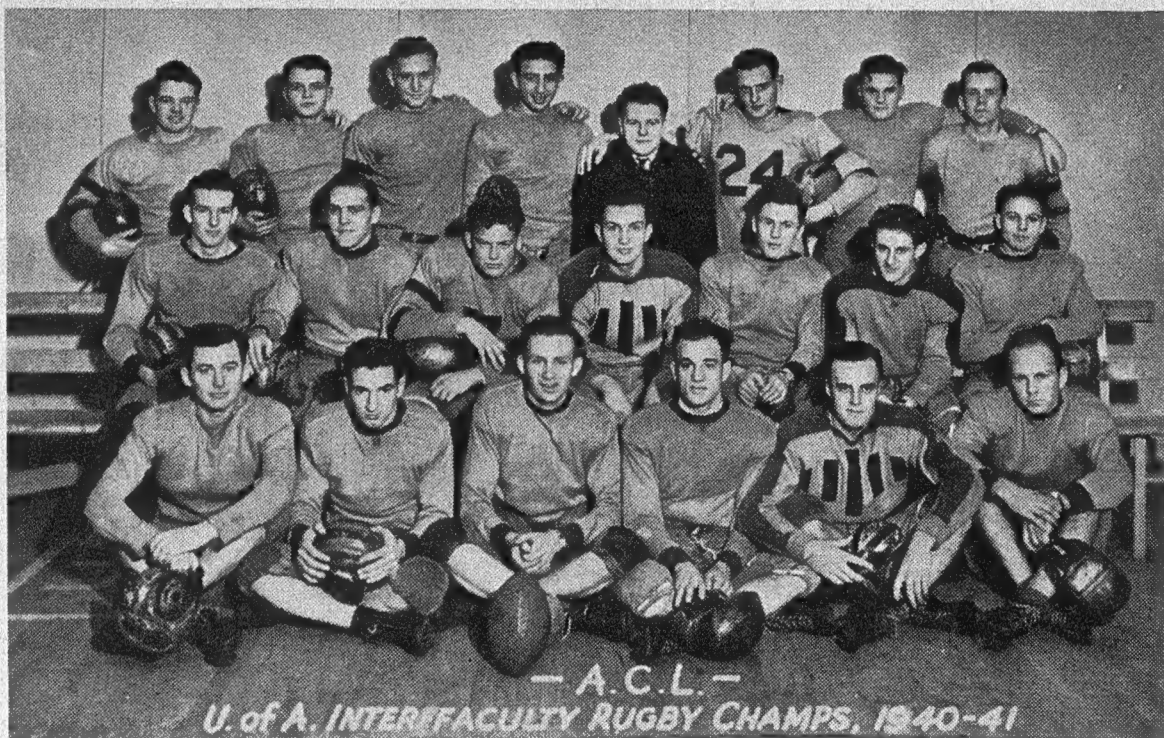
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## INTERFACULTY RUGBY WINNERS



The Arts-Comm-Law aggregation proved too strong for other teams in interfaculty rugby this fall. The winners are shown above. Back row: Archie Nicol, Bill Harrison, Russel Wendt, M. Santopinto, David Jones, Harry Jones, Norm McLean, Jack Rae. Middle row: Bruce Sangster, Gordon Fybus, Ian Dunaway, Doug Carr, Roger Flumerfelt, Cecil Compton, Gordie Nelson. Front row: Gib Brimacombe, Bob Schrader, Glenn Tracy, Jim French, Bob Layton, Gerry Larue. Not shown: Gordon Smith, Bob Ellis and Murray Rabey.

## Popular Varsity Badminton Club Ends Term of Most Active Year

In a year already crowded with social activities and club doings, military training and what have you, the Varsity Badminton Club continues to enjoy a popularity which has grown with the years, and which has been the envy of many another campus club. Membership has increased from season to season, and this year's turnout has provided the club with its most active program since the beginning of student badminton. Courts are located in Athabaska gym, and club members spend many an enjoyable evening battling the birdie about while sheltered from the rigors of Alberta winters, which so often prohibit outdoor sports.

When players bundle up in fur overcoats and woollen scarves to dash over to the gym, they are apt to forget that badminton originated under a broiling sun in far-off India. From there the game has done a bit of globe-trotting: it was introduced in England about 1873 on the estate of the Earl of Beaufort, from whence it derived its name; it made its way to the Alberta campus some 20 odd years ago with the formation of a faculty club which numbered among its members such Varsity notables as Dr. Tory, one-time president of the University, Dr. and Mrs. Kerr, and Mrs. Howes. Col. Warren and Dr. Campbell have been active members for a good many years. Some years after the investigation of the faculty group, the students' club made its appearance; for a year or two it carried on with no help from the Students' Council, but proving itself a permanent and lively organization, it was recognized as a campus club, and today has a place on the Students' Union budget.

The club has numbered among its members several outstanding players, but undoubtedly the best ever to play under club colors was "Red" Cooper, a Med student, who graduated some five years ago. A very erratic player, Cooper played well enough often enough to capture several city and provincial championships. As partner to Priscilla Hommond, he shared provincial honors as co-winner of "mixed doubles." Later years have witnessed such fine male players as Rae Fisher, Bill Tobey and Bob Inkpen. The club's finest feminine player for some time was Louise Marshall, who played with Jack Purcell, world's professional champion, when he played here in November of this year.

This year the club is headed by President Stan Edwards. The club meets three times a week, on Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evenings, in Athabaska gym. The annual club tournament is to take place in January; later in the season club members will enter city and provincial meets. As an added attraction the executive hopes this year to have some sort of social function to wind up the season.

As compared to other sports, badminton is relatively inexpensive. By means of an ingenious "token" system, each club member pays only for that portion of each bird that he uses; thus whether one plays seldom or often, he pays only his fair share of the expense. Membership cards will be on sale immediately after the holiday. The club is anxious to have those interested in badminton drop around to see how the club operates and to become members if they so desire. They assure a great deal of enjoyment to newcomers as well as a good deal of exercise, fun and social entertainment.

## Pharm-Dent Lead Interfac League Half-way Mark

League Standings	P.	W.	L.	Pct.
Pharm-Dents	3	3	0	1.000
Aggies	4	2	2	.500
Arts	4	2	2	.500
Med.	2	1	1	.500
Com-Law	2	1	1	.500
Engineers	3	1	2	.333
Education	3	0	3	.000

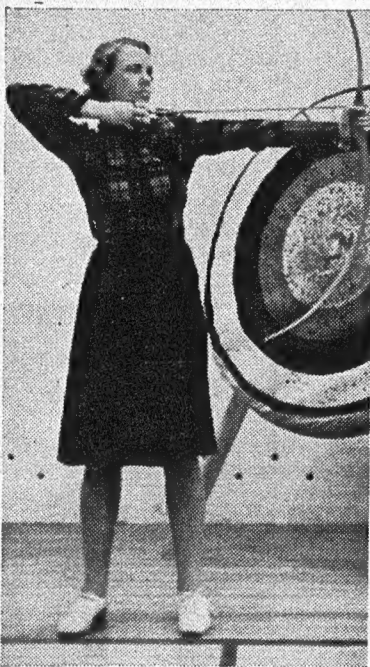
With Christmas here again, interfaculty basketball winds up the first half of a great season. The interest shown in the games is such as has not been seen on this campus for several years. Doughty and determined, interfac hoopers have been putting up a royal battle for top honors this year. Most of the teams have already three games tucked away in their belts, and as the score sheet would indicate, competition for that slot has been mighty keen. Not only that, but game scores have been close, almost too close for the comfort of certain of the faithful.

The Pharm-Dents lead the point parade with an undisputed perfect average. In three games played, this aggregation has had enough on the ball to come through and win each fixture. But there is an abundance of good men on the other teams who are not at all content to let the Pharm-Dents through the league unscathed. If we are to believe reports, these fellows will be fighting with all they've got, as regards basketball, of course. Occupying the cellar position at the present time are the Educationists, who have so far been learning basketball the hard way. A couple of decisions they dropped were quite close, and there is every chance that they will pull themselves together for the next few games.

Leading the league in scoring is Bruce Sangster of the Com-Law team, who, though he has only played in two encounters, has netted some 22 points. Following him is Grant of Aggies with 20, and other faculties are well represented in close succession. A brief glance at the list of the "Big Seven" reveals that the league is not without a goodly portion of scoring talent. Perren Baker is the bad man of the league with seven fouls in two games. But as he philosophically

## Archery Fast Becoming Top Women's Sport

Much publicity has been given in the past few weeks to women's basketball, House League and the Senior team, and it seems about time to give the Archery Club some well deserved attention. This sport was started only a few years ago, and has been gaining more popularity every year. This term found



twenty-two members meeting every Monday and Wednesday night from 7 until 8 p.m., in the Athabaska gym. Two proficient archers from Lethbridge offered their services as coaches, they being Cal Fletcher and Watson Macrostie. To make matters more interesting and all, a competition, which will be local, is being planned by the club's executive for the month of February, in which all members plan to participate for a trophy being put up by the Women's Athletic Committee.

As to House League basketball—because of a change in plans in the New Year, all pre-Christmas practices were cancelled, and the regular league started the 1st of December. A tournament is to be held some time in February for a trophy to be presented by the Women's Athletic Committee. From the games played so far, it looks like a bruising season for the house leaguers.

The Senior team played their first game against the professors and lost it. Luckily the scorekeeper was working for the professors—the score might have been more in favor of the girls with an honest man on the books, as their team is certainly shaping up (we don't know whether for basketball or rugby). February the 7th sees the team travelling to Saskatchewan. We hope that they have more competition before they go, perhaps from an overtown team.

observes, "You can't blame a fellow for trying," and he was doing just that.

All in all, interfac basketball has been a big success this year, and a great part of the credit is due to Director Panton, who has done a fine job of organization. He promises that games left to be played in the New Year will provide exceptional interest for all basketball fans, and we urge your co-operation.

## Big Seven of Interfaculty Basketball Scoring

GP	FG	FT	Ft.	Pts.
Sangster, Com-Law	2	11	0	22
Grant, Aggies	4	9	2	20
Warshawski, Arts	3	9	1	19
Skinsin, due.	3	9	1	19
Thompson, Meds	2	8	1	17
Walkey, P-Ds	3	7	3	17
Nickforick, P-Ds	3	7	2	16

GP, games played; FG, field goals; FT, free throws.

## Something About a Soldier

I go for the boys in the C.O.T.C. I'm inclined to think that they like me. In a brotherly sort of way—Platonic friendship, one might say.

Rotation of crops is so that they can get the sun on all sides.

## Exams Curtail Crowd at Rink Opening Sunday

## Bursar West Wins Radio

Without trumpets or fanfare, the new Varsity outdoor rink opened Sunday afternoon. The proximity of examinations cut down attendance. Nevertheless there was a fair turnout.

Highlights of the afternoon was the draw by Ed Lewis, chairman of the Christmas Fund Committee, for the Philco portable radio. Ed held a Pilsner box containing the green stubs over his head while a volunteer co-ed fumbled for the lucky ticket. University Bursar, Mr. West, was the winner.

The rink was constructed by the University carpenter shop. Sides were built indoors then assembled on the grid. Although the rink appears rather small, it is surprising to learn that the sheet of ice is equal to that in the Edmonton Arena. Its dimensions are 210 feet by 90 feet.

Reason for the lateness in rink opening was caused by time taken to come to a decision regarding the undertaking. Efforts were made to secure financial help from the Department of National Defence, which is using the old covered rink. No support was forthcoming, and the University decided to go ahead with the project by themselves. Cost of approximately \$2,500 was shared equally by the University and student body.

Water was piped in from the main on 87th avenue. In charge of flooding and general rink maintenance is "Doc" Webster, the genial Yorkshire factotum. He stated that within a week all waviness and roughness would be removed from the sheet, and it would be "as smooth as silk."

Loudspeakers from the old rink have been installed to provide music. Skating is free to Varsity students, and band nights are Tuesdays, Thursdays, and also Sunday afternoon.

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## Faculty Shows Rare Form In Annual Ball Game

### 1940 Bears Strongest Rugby Squad in Years; Fritz Molds Fine Team in First Season

SASKATCHEWAN WIN POPULAR  
Season Featured by Fine Performances

The football season is past—but not forgotten. This will be borne out by all followers hereabouts of the game of the pigskin. The reason was the 1940-41 edition of the Golden Bears, who turned all heads as they marched on from one decisive win to another. Starting with no large mention of publicity, the team went out fighting and didn't slow up until it had earned highest football honors.

The team's successes including a handing out of defeats to every team in the Edmonton Junior League and then once to

Merry Christmas and a Schnappsy New Year.

"I think law is a silly profession. Imagine having to be called to the bar!"

"Familiarity breeds consent."

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JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER!



Above are the participants of last Thursday night's basketball game caught in a moment of repose. Back row, left to right: Johns, Preston, Fritz, Pantan, Thorssen, Azarius, Hewetson. Front row: Gulick, M. Willox, Robertson, Hill, Lind, Maxwell, McCauley, Asselstine, Manager Jack Butterfield.

## BEAR BITS

By GEORGE MATHEWS

Looking back over Varsity sporting history for the last three months, we find a complete reversal of form from that of previous years. It used to be that the athletic executive had a rather easy time of it so far as arranging schedules, etc., and the athletes themselves had a tough time winning games in the schedules provided. This year, however, we find that arranging schedules requires executive of herculean capacity, while the athletes themselves are having no trouble whatever sweeping aside all opposition. Of course, a change is as good as a rest, so no one is kicking about the quality of our teams. It's kind of nice to be on the winning side of the fence again.

Outdoor Club's Christmas holiday trip to Sunshine Valley, where skiing in summer clothes is possible, seems to be stalemated. No one has yet signified their intention to go. It couldn't be that after laying aside the necessary sum for that New Year's Eve blow, that everyone is as broke as this corner.

If you're trying to think of a toast for a New Year's Eve, remember we had the first championship football team in years this season. Merry Christmas, gang, and if you really want to know, we have the formulae for getting rid of that New Year's Day headache.

## Heard, Read and Seen

By FRED KENDRICK

Well, seems as though the time has come to do a little retrospection, and introspection, on the events of the past fall. All in all, it is apparent we have had a pretty successful season—war or no war. Such Varsity sport as we have had has gone well for us, and interfaculty competition made up in quality whatever it may have lacked in quantity. So we can't complain.

A lot of credit goes to our new Athletic Directors, Messrs. Pantan and Fritz. We feel that the energy and drive which these men have brought to this campus is at last beginning to be felt and to have its results. Sports are being put on a sound basis, which augurs well for the future. But students must cooperate with them—this is essential. On behalf of the entire student body we are glad of this opportunity to wish them both a very Merry Christmas, and may they be on hand for many more of them!

The Senior hockey picture is becoming a little clearer. We learn from Manager Jack Walker that efforts to arrange a series of home-and-home games with teams in the Central Alberta League are promising. In addition, it is hoped that a series of exhibition games with junior teams can be played. Intercollegiate series are tentatively planned for the first week in February. So between hockey, basketball, boxing and wrestling, archery, etc., etc., sports fans should have their fill in the New Year.

The interfac boxing and wrestling tournament has been definitely set for Jan. 29. It is anticipated there will be approximately ten boxing and six wrestling bouts. Team selection for the intercollegiate will depend largely on the results of this tournament, so you can expect to see some first-class action. Put it down in that little book yours as a date not to be missed.

Interfac hockey is brewing again. We hear the Engineers have the makings of a fine team—as usual. In fact, the boys think they have a team that can give the senior squad a good work-out. So it may just be that the seniors will get a challenge. Should be an interesting tilt.

Well, people, seems time we signed off for 1940. In parting, may we thank all those who do so much to make this section of the paper possible. To our co-workers, particularly Jean Hill and Bill Hewson, thanks; to the representatives and managers and players on various clubs and teams, ditto. A very Merry Christmas to all.

### Volleyball Tournament Finishes At Steve's; Elves' Team Champs

Over at St. Steve's a red-hot volleyball tournament has just been completed. The series saw Dave Elves' and his boys make a sensational climb to first place, battling their way from a lowly fourth slot.

Elliott, Wingfield and Elves reached the three play-off berths in that order. In the semi-finals, Elves was good enough to take Wingfield's team, and this left Elliott and Elves to fight it out. Throughout the schedule, Elliott had dropped but one game and that to the Elves' men, so that the final encounter featured two closely matched teams. The play-offs were arranged as a best out of three series, and Elves went through to win 21-15, 16-21, 21-17.

Other teams entered in the league were those captained by Vogel, Allen and Carr.

Members of the winning team are—D. Elves, captain; W. MacKenzie, M. Gish, A. Weaver, B. Thorne, C. Gordon, J. Jackson.

### Faculty Falcons Trim Girls In Hectic Brawl; Bearettes Go Under in Tough Battle

THORSSSEN RECEIVES INJURY IN GAME

Azarius, Johns Shine

Turning in one of the most hectic games that has ever graced the hallowed precincts of Athabaska gymnasium, Faculty "Falcons" took the measure of the "Golden Bearettes" in a hard-fought 36-35 victory last Thursday night. The game was in aid of the Varsity Christmas Fund, and the two hundred odd fans who turned out really got their dime's worth.

Following tradition, both teams appeared in costume. At least, we think that's what it was. Faculty costumes ranged from the cutest ensemble consisting of a two-piece bodice with shirred skirt in pale lemon worn by Mr. Preston, to an accurate facsimile of a fugitive from the House of David in the person of Brother Azarius. The girls, on the other hand, appeared in conservative rugby dress.

The game was a riot from the opening whistle. By actual count, there was about ten minutes when both teams were at par. The rest of the time everyone but the referee was in there. To add to complications, several balls were in play—including one rugby ball.

Several times during the heat of battle Mr. Pantan seemed to revert to nature, and could be seen hanging from anything that was handy, screaming in a high falsetto for some one to pass to him in order that he might add two points to the pro's laurels. All in all, our Athletic Director spent a lot of time hanging around on Thursday night!

Brother Azarius and Dr. Johns turned out to be spearheads of the Faculty attack. At least, that is what it looked like from where we were sitting. However, to adequately cover the game a crystal and a set of Dr. Campbell's renowned tables would have been necessary.

From the manner in which our feminine friends got bounced about it was evident there was no love lost between the teams. Jean Robertson, Mona Asselstine and Louise McCauley took quite a beating from the enthusiastic pedagogues.

But don't imagine for a moment that the Faculty didn't get their share of the knocks. Veteran guard Hewetson found the pace too fast, and was forced to retire at the end of the first half. In fitting honor of his yeoman service, a one minute silence was observed over his remains—in the shape of his uniform (?) and equipment, which were lovingly deposited in the centre of the floor.

Only main casualty of the game was Mr. Thorssen. A bad knee wrench put him out of action, and we are informed that he is still confined to quarters with his injury. No doubt Mr. Thorssen has had ample time to reflect on the so-called "gentler sex."

At the beginning of the second half the teams played some ten minutes of straight basketball. Although the girls were outclassed in the orthodox game, they came back with a vengeance to almost upset the apple-cart. Score at the beginning of the second half was all tied up at 12 all. Score when the final whistle went was 36-35 in favor of the pro's.

Scoring honors were pretty well divided among all the players—it was a case of "by guess and by God" at any rate, and from what we can ascertain a good time was had by all.

We must apologize for this account. We realize that we have not been able to mention the thousand and one incidents that make these games the part of Alberta's tradition they are. We could go on for pages relating how Mr. Pantan was set upon and partially disrobed, how the playing manager of the girls

### Interfaculty Meet On January 29

According to an announcement by Cec Robson, the interfaculty boxing and wrestling tournament will be held on January 29. Wrestlers and boxers have been putting in strenuous training all fall, and prospects for a strong intercollegiate team appear bright.

At present it is planned that there will be some ten boxing bouts and six wrestling, so a well balanced programme is being provided. The results of the bouts are the main considerations in selecting the teams which will travel, so it seems as though the boys will really be in there in their efforts to make the team.

Winners in the bouts will receive suitable crests denoting victory, and will probably have a chance to win a major award.

The Boxing Club is under the direction of Jim Flynn and Les Willox, with Wally Beaumont coaching. Wrestling is presided over by Earl Christie, and coached by Cec Robson.

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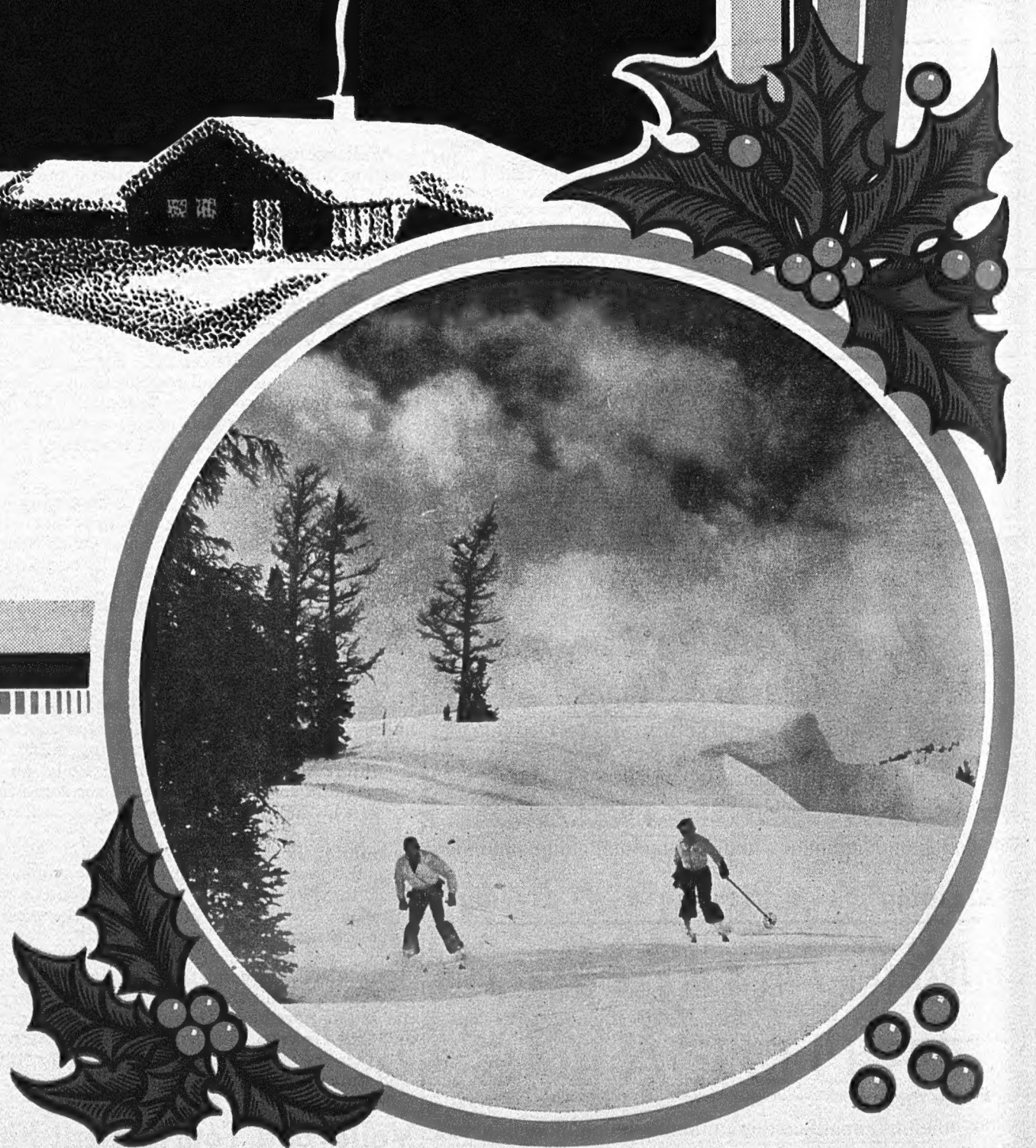


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